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with the best respects of the
Author

to

Gen. F. M. McCalla

Lexington October 10th 1841

By Mr. ~~Barrette~~ Barrinette.

The author of this book was lost by shipwreck on the coast of South America soon after its publication

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A

VOYAGE

TO

MEXICO AND HAVANNA;

INCLUDING

SOME GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE UNITED STATES.

BY AN ITALIAN.

Carlo Barinetti

New-York:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY C. VINTEN, 63 VESEY STREET.

1841.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE persuasion that Mexico has been, and is, too much misrepresented everywhere, but especially in the United States, has induced me, as far as I am capable, to depict that country in its true light, as regards its social, political and religious condition.

Man is so constituted, that what surrounds him is not calculated to satisfy him; he is, by instinct, attracted to the history of every age and nation, as if their times and deeds could serve as an appendage to his own life.

There exists in us a natural anxiety for acquiring such notions, and we feel glad when we can obtain them; although, such writers can do to us and to the cause of society as much good by being correct as they will do harm by being the contrary.

There are travellers who will publish accounts of their voyages for the sake of making a display of their adventures, or with the view of awakening interest and sympathy in their readers. Others will go to a country with opinions and notions which they had espoused in advance, and will never fail to see things in perfect accordance with their preconceptions.—

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Some for want of discrimination, and some prompted either from aversion or devotion to the political or religious institutions of a country, will confound things so much as to revert every observation to the central point of their starting. Others have been found in all ages amusing themselves by writing upon countries which they had never visited, as was lately the case with an American who published a work upon Italy without having ever seen the color of that land. Many will write on a country through which they journey without knowing a single word of its language, being thus deprived of the most essential medium through which they can obtain information and scrutinize the manners of a country.

With or without permission I shall remark, that the English tourists are the curse of all countries, on account of their fictitious productions. Impregnated with the conviction that there is nothing good upon earth out of England, every thing makes them sour, and they give vent to their spleen in imprecations.

The United States have had their share of misreports from English pens. Some of the British writers on this country undertook to search with the most malignant disposition its faults—what nation, community or individual has none?—and collecting every thing which is bad have thus exhibited the Americans to the world; as if only the faults, and not the virtues too, ought to be reviewed in order to fix a character upon a community.

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So difficult is the task of travellers writing on foreign countries, or so many requisites are indispensable to make their works prove of any service, that at least nineteen out of twenty such books result in being worthless.

Now, I have no pretension of being that exception which has so many probabilities against it. I mean, I am fully aware my work contains nothing to save it from the fate of the nineteen; although I had the advantage to see Mexico and Havanna in no way prepossessed.

My readers will see I present them with a potion of compounded ingredients; there being the honey and the aloe, or the good and the bad. I may deceive them in the same way that a physician who does not well penetrate into the cause of his patient's disease deceives him; that is to say, after having first deceived myself.

It befel me, while writing, to enlarge upon the United States much more than I had at first designed; and, as many observations or accounts on this country and others, though not intended to offend any body, will displease some people, I protest that I say nothing either in my general or personal allusions, which may be suggested by dislike, enmity, or a spirit of revenge. With many of the persons to whom I allude, I am happy to say, I never had any intercourse, while my

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acquaintance with the others was not of a nature to excite any bad or hostile feeling.

As to the language of which I make use, there will appear a foreign construction I know; I hope, however, that my being a stranger will serve as a passport to it.

THE AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER I.

Commercial intercourse between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, at the present time—Voyage from New Orleans to Tampico—Tampico, and Federalism in that City—Journey to the City of Mexico, with remarks upon the social standing of the inhabitants on the road.

SINCE the treaty entered into between Spain and Mexico, whereby this once her colony was acknowledged as an independent nation, and their ports were reciprocally opened for trade, New-Orleans has lost almost entirely its commerce with the republic of Mexico. While, in former times, many vessels were to be found in New-Orleans, sailing weekly for Vera Cruz, and other Mexican ports, you do not now find there, in six months, a single vessel bound to Vera Cruz, and scarcely one in two months for Tampico, or any port of that republic.

The Mexican merchants have turned to Havanna, where, they say, they find cheaper the articles they want to buy, chiefly dry goods;* and with whose people they have a common origin and language; and where they do not see themselves abused and trampled upon as, I do not hesitate to say, they are throughout the whole American union, but much more so in New-Orleans, whose press cannot refrain from rushing, in every way, against Mexico and the Mexicans; whom they load with the most despicable epithets, whenever they happen to speak of, or make any allusion to them.

Thus, after having long, and in vain, looked for a vessel going to Vera Cruz, I left New-Orleans on the twentieth of January last, for Tampico, on board the American schooner, *Eliza Ann*, Captain Clark, formerly of the *Lone*—the same, who, during the last blockade of the Mexican Ports,

* Goods can be entered at the custom-house in Havanna for *entrepot*, and, being exported, they are liable to only one per cent duty.

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having been taken out of Matamoros by a French man-of-war, with the assistance of the mate only, rescued the vessel, and carried the French officer and crew prisoners to New-Orleans.

The passage was not a short one; still, the gentlemanly manners of the captain prevented tediousness, and made it prove very pleasant.

On the evening of the twenty-seventh we had the pilot on board, and passed the bar of Tampico. Immediately after, a custom-house officer came to take the manifesto of the cargo, with the note of the passengres' trunks, and sealed the hatches.

Although the distance from the bar to the city is not more than three leagues, contrary winds detained the schooner three days on her way up the river: during which time, the captain of the port sent twice an officer to caution Capt. Clark, not to suffer any of the passengers to land, until the vessel should be in front of Tampico.

At that time, Matamoros was threatened by the Texo-Federalists, and I thought, at first, that such intimation derived from suspicion falling on some one of the passengers; yet, when it was our lot to get ashore, the only formality required was, to have the captain marching ahead of the passengers to the governor's house.

How it happened, I could not explain; but, we missed about half of our men on the way: the acting Governor, however, seemed by no means aware of the desertion which had taken place. He, hastily, overlooked our passports and handed them immediately back to their bearers. Three Spaniards, deck-passengers, had no passport, and, on the *simple* saying of the captain that he had lost them, we were all dismissed.

Now, considering the whole as a police-matter, they carried it on so imperfectly, as to render it utterly ridiculous: no reason, nor excuse can be given for tantalizing passengers as they did, unless it be their system to make "much ado about nothing."

I was obliged to go through some formality to obtain my baggage; but, they were very polite in visiting it.

Some of my friends in New-Orleans who had favored me with letters of introduction, had told me that I should be forced upon accepting hospitality from the people in Tampico to whom they introduced me; however, I can swear, that I escaped any such trouble; and was very glad of it, as I happened to stop at a first-rate house, kept by Mr. Constant, a Swiss.

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Tampico is a small, beautifully situated and rather fine looking place. It is worthy of notice as the second port of importance in the Republic, as, also, for its being, perhaps, the only new flourishing city in that country; thus, forming there a wonder, what is a common-place sight through the United States.

The merchants of Tampico are all foreigners. That place, in consequence of late events, is considered abroad, as the cradle of liberty in the Republic of Mexico, which is, nevertheless, a great mistake.

I must confess, I have not much confidence in the political creed of any busy community; but none at all in such a mixed heterogeneous one as that of Tampico, where you find together Germans, Spanish, French, Americans, and others, engaged in business. What now do Americans, French, Spanish, Germans, or others, care about the *general* prosperity of the Republic of Mexico; of a country where they stand as mere transplanted and transient money-makers? I venture to reply—nothing; as we know unfortunately, but to well, how men, even in their native countries, are prone to postpone the general interest, to promoting their own.

Tampico was twice the seat of Federalism; which does not however, imply any idea of oppression from the present government. To understand well the matter, one has only to consider, that as soon as the Federalists hoisted their flag, no more custom-house duties were in existence. It is calculated, that goods to the amount of more than two millions were introduced into Tampico, free of every duty. Would not the flag of Mahomet have been, in parity of circumstances, as welcome as that of Federalism? Would not London, Paris, New Orleans, St. Petersburgh, or any other city in the world, greet and cheer the standard under which they could, with impunity, smuggle goods to the amount of millions upon millions? Some will observe, that a country cannnot support itself without revenues, which are to a nation what the circulation of blood is to the life of man; but, the merchants of Tampico are not lecturers on political economy, and they would be glad to supply with necessary means a new Mejia, because, they would not lose in the bargain; nor, must we mistake commercial speculations for political events.

A poor, very poor impression was made upon me by the soldiery I saw there. What a miserable spectacle! all short men—all dark faces—or of the color which is contracted under the burning sun of the tropics; and

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which appears still darker, by the contrast of their white dresses.

I consider myself bound to repeat here a strange, though common and notorious report in reference to the facility of *purposely* losing vessels, either getting in or out the bar of Tampico. This seems, by no means, a mystery there. I must, however, be satisfied with giving a hint "to whom it may concern:" only adding that, if the accounts I heard are true to a word, it is long since that *business* has been carried on, and some one in Tampico has grown *fat* from it.

I scarcely need notice that the climate there is extremely moist and hot. The yellow fever, which is called there, as in all Spanish places subject to the same disease, *black vomit*; makes yearly a dreadful havoc amongst the new comers.

Three days after my arrival in Tampico, I made my start for the City of Mexico, on horseback, armed cap-a-pie, and wearing, agreeably to the custom of the country, a large blanket with a hole in the middle of it, to have the head passed through, so as to make the blanket fall equally before and behind: indeed I presented a very ludicrous appearance.

I left with some *arrieros* or carriers, who had to take care of my person and baggage; but, as soon as I saw they performed daily not more than five or six leagues, and in the very hottest part of the day, I emancipated myself from their guardianship, and, in spite of the dangers which, they said, would attend my travelling alone on that road, I went on with the company only of my horse, arms, and thoughts.

Some one will now, very likely, anticipate a sprightly and romantic exhibition of the fields, forests, mountains and sites, through which I passed; but, they will be disappointed. I am a very poor hand for descriptions; I shall, therefore, confine myself to say, that I found myself transported into a *really* new world, amidst a new vegetation, having before me the lofty palm, the shadowy plantain, the dark orange, the delicate pine-apple and all the different tropical productions with which I presume my reader to be already well acquainted. There, at last, I found that America, which Europeans fancy to themselves, and for which I had looked in vain during my residence in the U. S.; where, the same vegetation, cultivation, productions, manners, dress, mode of living, and even faces are to be seen as in Europe.

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La Huazteca, the province through which I travelled before reaching the chain of mountains, is said to be the most fertile of all Mexico. I there saw people sowing corn on one side and reaping it on the opposite; there, I saw the same tree bearing ripe fruits and new blossoms; I saw, there, what nature is capable of doing by itself; but, I saw at the same time a country which could export plenty of many different products, scarcely supplying with bread, milk and fruits, its idle and wretched inhabitants; who never extend their views or wishes beyond what is indispensible to sustain their animal life.

A traveller must not expect to meet there with any accomodation. I had been favoured with the most minute sketch and details in reference to that journey, and so directed my riding as to stop where I could find the luxury of a *table-bed*, and light bread. What is easily to be obtained everywhere is, poultry, eggs, beans, milk and fruits.

Amongst the greatest sufferings to which a stranger must submit in Mexico, there is the sight of the hands that prepare his meals; but especially, the baking of the *tortilla*, or a kind of Indian-corn paste, which the Mexicans use instead of bread. There, the primitive and natural mode of transmitting eatables to the mouth through the fingers, has not undergone any change; and I have to say, that, none should undertake such a journey, unless after having been, at least twice, at sea on board a merchantman.

Thanks to a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Mexico of which I was bearer, I found myself tolerably well sheltered and treated by the priests whom I happened to fall in with, on the road, and to whom I never failed to show the aforesaid letter. I was also hospitably and well entertained at a sugar-plantation belonging to Mr. *Miguel Morillo*, a Spaniard and a perfect gentleman. His plantation lies adjacent to an Indian village, called *Caiahual*.*

* For direction to those who might desire to know the places situated on the road between Tampico and Mexico, I shall mention them, and add some remarks about them. *Pueblo Vieju*, the first village immediately beyond Tampico, is a dirty place: a countryman of mine keeps there something like a tavern, and knows how to empty the pockets of travellers and starve them. *Tortuga* and *Organos* are poor villages, where one must sleep on the floor, and an unequal one too. *Ozulhuama* looks pretty: I saw there the first Mexican church. The curate is a well-informed man. At *Sta. Caterina* there is a tolerably good house. *Siete Palmas* is a wretched Indian village. In *Pastoria*

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I often stopped at some Indian *milpas,* or huts, whose inmates I constantly found to be most excellent people. The ignorance amongst the inhabitants of the villages through which I journeyed, cannot be described. Those who are of European descent, or of mixed breed, call themselves *gente de razon,* (reasonable people) so as to let others suppose, that the Indians have no reason; but in fact, the *gente de razon* are, in no respect, superior to the aborigines, except in mischievous propensities and deeds, such as cheating, robbing and murdering. Scarcely an instance is recorded of any criminal attempt by the Indians against travellers, and, to repeat what Mr. Morillo told me, he often sent through them large sums to some distant places, which he would never have trusted to any of the *reasonable congregation.*

All Indians are catholics there; they treat, however, the religion of Christ in a manner, which, somehow, approaches their ancient idolatry. A small altar with many images is unavoidably to be seen erected at the corner of their poor dwellings, before which, they are almost constantly praying, when not at work or asleep—and they sleep, I presume, fourteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. I heard them even at night, praying loudly, as soon as they awoke, and continuing their lugubrious songs until they fell asleep again.

A very strange thing on that way, is to see the people so unconscious of every event in connection with their

travellers can be lodged at an *Hacienda* or farm, and find elsewhere something to eat. At *Chicon,* I met with a good-hearted Priest. *Caiahual* I have mentioned in the text. At *Tlacolula* a hard bed can be found. The Curate, who was at a loss in digesting the Latin letter I had for the Archbishop, is a money maker. At *Pie de la cuesta* there are excellent people, but a traveller will have again hard dreams. *Zacualtipan* has a *meson* or tavern; yet I dislike the whole. *St. Bernardo* is a poor village; but travellers meet there with the most hospitable treatment. *Hacienda de Guadalupe* offers middling accommodations. *Totonilco el grande* has a large *meson;* but if you do not agree before as to the fare, a nasty girl, conducting the kitchen on her own account, will charge two or three dollars for a couple of eggs and a dish of beans. This is the first place where the *pulque* is to be obtained. At *Real del Monte,* which is a mining place, a traveller will see many Englishmen and Americans. There is an English public-house. At *St. Mateo el grande,* a mattress and an excellent cup of chocolate (made by a girl who was educated in a convent) can be obtained. After a ride of twenty leagues from St. Mateo, one arrives at the capital. The road from Tampico to the city of Mexico, is called *camino real,* or royal road; but it is as horrid as can be imagined: in many places I was obliged to walk, and had trouble enough to get along.

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political situation. When we read in Mexican or American papers "the Republic of Mexico at large longs for a change of Institutions or Government," we read the speculations of those who choose to write so, and not of the parties concerned in the matter. The focus of the political contest is in the large cities, whilst the poor villages, the peasantry, and therefore the population *at large* have not the least notions about politics. I feel tempted to say, that a child ten years old in the United States, by dint of hearing so much talking on politics, knows more of the subject, than a whole Mexican village, its priest and *alcalde* included. Their sympathies, if they have any, is for the party which is favourably spoken of by their curates; while their curates and magistrates themselves know nothing, even about facts which take place at a distance of some fifty or a hundred miles from them.

I had already observed in Tampico, that the authorities were ignorant of a subject which was of some importance to them; viz., where was at that time Gen. Anaya. They thought, he was at the head of the Texo-Federalists, who, then, intended to attack Matamoros, while I had seen him in New-Orleans and conversed with him the day before I left that City.

The New-Orleans papers alluding to Gen. Anaya and speaking of him as being there, were brought by the *Eliza Ann*, and had been long before digested by the merchants; yet the talented officers of the government in Tampico laboured under such a mistake.

Now, in that part of the Republic through which I passed, the ignorance of the people went so far, as to make them believe that Gen. Anaya, or some other chief, was in, or blockading Tampico. Some Mexican traveller in jest, or designedly, had spread such a report among them, and they could hardly be convinced to the contrary. They, at last, credited my assertions, on the ground, that, as I said to them, being a stranger, I had no interest to induce them into error.

Let us lay the blame where it rests—on the government. Can they not make provision for the conveyance of their paper the *Diario del Gobierno*, to the chief officers of the various districts? What good do they expect to derive, by keeping up an unfounded excitement and alarm among whole populations, according to the good pleasure of every fool, or impostor? In that part of the Mexican territory whereof I am speaking, I believe, they do not know even what a newspaper is.

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Some of the places on that road were built by the Spaniards in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They are all, however, in a state of decay, and exhibit a sad contrast with the many new cities and towns, which one sees springing up, as by enchantment, in every part of the United States.

The abundance of game is wonderful there, and a traveller can, without much trouble, make an agreeable addition to his meals.

From November to March, that part of the country is infested by a very troublesome insect, a kind of crawling bug called *garrapate*. At the time I was there, every tree, shrub, leaf and blade of grass was overloaded with those animals. Climbing on man and horse, they lodge themselves in any part of the body, causing the most painful itching. The *garrapate* may be killed by a friction of tobacco and brandy; an operation which must be promptly attended to in order to prevent a sore which causes pain for many days after.

I was told a preservative against its biting; which is a general friction of pure and good olive oil, putting into half a common glass of it two spoons full of alcali. I repeated it every three or four days, and found that the insect, intoxicated by the smell, became harmless and dropped at the slightest touching. I was, nevertheless, afraid to go out of the road in pursuit of game, as it was the way to get covered with garrapates. The fancy took me once of killing and cooking some parrots, which however, I did not find very palatable.

The question raised by some about, "whether medicine be more useful than prejudicial to the conservation of the human race, comparatively with a full reliance upon nature and its simple remedies," is resolved by evidence in favour of the noble science, by journeying through that country.

They have no physicians nor apothecaries, and, knowing the properties of different herbs, they are aware of sovereign remedies for certain diseases. They will be sure of healing punctures made by the most venomous reptiles, and, if what I heard is true, they cure even hydrophobia; but, they will never get rid of an intermitting fever; while such fevers are so much prevalent in some places, mostly inhabited by Indians, that from May to September, every one is taken sick: not to mention that, in case of any accident requiring the assistance of a surgeon, they cannot supply the deficiency, and are doomed therefore, either to be crippled all their life, or to die. In many of the

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places I have just alluded to, not a single old person is to be seen.

I shall not let pass unnoticed the great difference which exists between the physical constitution of populations, which are but a few miles apart; although it chiefly proceeds from local causes. Here, one sees all ugly, dirty, monstrous, disgusting creatures, and there, the most handsome, clean, robust and cheerful men as well as women. Such I particularly found them to be in *Chicon*.

A sight which amazed me very much was that of wild beasts about the mountains, such as tigers and bears, making a hasty escape, at hearing the report of a gun or pistol.

I met, on that road, with troops which were sent from Mexico to join Arista's army. I do not exaggerate when I say, there were as many women following the march as there were soldiers: a serious incumbrance, indeed, to military operations if they are admitted, as I have been told they are, even into the camp.

It is, altogether, but justice to the Mexicans of that section of the country, when I say, that I received from both, the rich and the poor, the kindest hospitality. People are generally so moderate with their charges, that the trip from Tampico to the City of Mexico costs but very little. I saw in many instances (and we may judge men by such trifles) my hosts going out to buy milk, eggs, or any thing else I wanted, making me pay, exactly, what they had paid themselves. People there see but few foreigners; they are inquisitive; but at the same time, respectful; the poor Indians, even too much so.

I was eighteen days on the road, stopping one or two days, here and there, as it was useless to arrive at Mexico before my trunks could get there. Excepting at *St. Mateo el chico* where I did not see the usual goodness, none vexed or molested me, in spite of so many attempts made by the *arrieros* and other persons, to frighten me; on the contrary, my arms joined to a long bearded face made many shy of me. It is not improbable, those people who hesitated about receiving me at *St. Mateo el chico* were afraid of my warlike appearance. When I looked at myself having around me a quasi-arsenal of arms, I could not help thinking of Don Quixotte, and laughing.

From the most renowned and rich temple of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico displays a show of numberless glittering and magnificent steeples. A beautiful promenade leads to the city of Montezuma.

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CHAPTER II.

The city of Mexico—Mexican antiquities—Churches, promenades, climate and diseases of Mexico—Gambling there, in France and in the United States—Robberies and roads in the Republic of Mexico —Laxity of the Mexican authorities—An aid-de-camp of General Santa Anna tried, convicted and executed as a high-way robber—The Island of Cuba and Gen. Tacon.

I entered the city, that Rome of the new world, with no less emotion than reverence. The first streets I rode through, were rather dirty and I perceived they were inhabited by poor people; but I soon reached the fashionable quarters and took my lodgings at *la Gran Sociedad.*

My first surprise in being there (let me avow my ignorance) was to see no water. I had a notion that the "American Venice" as they call Mexico, was still or at least partly, built on the water. I fancied gondolas, boats, and even some small vessels. I was then not aware of the many changes introduced by the Spanish government, among which there is the very expensive and judicious work, whereby they diverted the waters of the lake into a canal, to dry up and render productive the valley or table-land on which the City of Mexico is built.* It is necessary to go a distance of nine miles from the city, to see the remaining part of the ancient lake of *Tezcuco.* To persons who like places surrounded by the aquatic element, as is the case with me, that unlooked for disappearance of the lakes must prove unpleasant.

I delivered next day my introductions, and was pleased with the reception I met. The interior of the houses I found to be more Republican, that is say, more simple than in the United States,—expensive furniture, as it is every where to be seen among the high classes, here is quite uncommon, even among the purest Mexican aristocracy; while their houses are, by no means, deficient either in neatness or in taste.

The buildings there, are not as in the United States, intended merely for the builder's life. They are massive, solid and durable. On account of the earthquakes to which the city of Mexico is so often exposed, it would be foolish to build otherwise; then, it is in accordance with the mode of building of the Spaniards.

The streets are large, spacious, running from E. to W. and from N. to S. They are well paved, though not all clean; on the contrary, in some parts of the city there is a pestilential smell caused by their not cleaning the

* The valley of Mexico has a circumference of about 130 miles.

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canals. In a place less favoured by nature than Mexico, those standing rivulets would spread miasms into the atmosphere and create diseases. The present city stands, partly, on the same spot, where the ancient city was; but, strange as it may appear, not any standing monument or relic of the time of Montezuma is to be seen there, except the Mexican *Calendar* which is situated at one of the corners of the cathedral. What a pity, that in little more than three centuries they have destroyed every thing! I am not the first to say, that, had any other nation discovered that interesting part of the Western Hemisphere, countless monuments would speak of past ages. Ignorance, avarice and superstition have done the mischief.

It is well known that thousands and thousands of paintings, which served among the Mexicans as a medium to transmit the most prominent events of their times, were condemned to the flames, by a wild and fanatical phrensy. The Spaniards thus obstructed the way to obtain traditional accounts of a great nation, whose history would have interested the whole world. The genius of many learned men from all countries, has been called into requisition, and, with their joint efforts, they have succeeded in tracing back so much of the Mexican history and antiquities, as to make us regret more and more the fatal work of destruction.

Idols and many other interesting pieces were employed to lay the foundation of the famous cathedral now in existence.

To show how little they cared and do care about the monuments preceding the Spanish conquest, suffice it to say, that the calendar which I mentioned before, and of which enough has been said by many writers, represents only half of the year: now, if I have to credit the account given to me by an architect who has been in the service of the Mexican government, a similar large stone, showing the balance, is at the depth of from 10 to 12 feet below a pedestal supporting a cross, close by the Cathedral. "With the trifling expense of 150 or 200 dollars," said the aforementioned gentleman, "the valuable piece could be extracted and the cross replaced where it lies." How can any one find proper words to blame such indolence?

What surpasses the power of description is the splendor, richness and magnificence of their numberless churches. They have not a St. Peter, nor the *Duomo* of Milan; yet, I dare say, that in no other city can there be found a collection of so many gorgeous temples and cloisters. They

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boast with justice of their cathedral, which has been minutely described by some travellers.

I cannot forget a silly observation on the churches of Mexico which I read in an elementary book of geography generally used in the United States. The author, a Quaker I believe, says in it—"Who would exchange the humble meeting houses of our own country for those gorgeous edifices? I should answer that, if it were possible, the author himself would immediately make the change. I grant, there is simplicity in the churches of the United States; I say more—there is in some, taste, and in others, a well intentioned imitation of taste; however, let the author be persuaded that, could the Americans barter their churches for those of Mexico, they would no longer go for simplicity.

Such comparisons, which can only be suggested by a narrow minded observer, make a writer or teacher appear absurd; while I intend to give, a little further on, my opinion about the propriety or impropriety of their having so many rich congregations.

The palace of the great conqueror, Cortes, the captain who dared more than any man before or after him, stands at one side of the cathedral with many other ancient Spanish buildings, which will challenge many centuries yet to come.

There is a beautiful *alameda* or public promenade within the city, around which, a stranger is, however, disgusted at seeing the same stagnant liquid composition exhaling infectious emanations, of which I have already spoken as existing elsewere in the city. The *alameda* is daily frequented, and rich carriages are to be seen there, although showing bad taste. What delights more a stranger, is to see people on horseback, for the pomp and richness of their shining saddles and bridles, as well as for their strength, if not grace, in mastering a horse. As a nation, I fully believe, that the Mexican is superior to any in skilfully managing the horse. Almost every Mexican will catch, while riding at full speed, even a six-pence on the ground without losing his equilibrium, besides performing many other deeds of dexterity for which the Arabs and Cossacks are renowned.

Other promenades exist in and outside of the city, all very beautiful, and. if one pushes his riding to *Chapultepec*, the former country residence of the Spanish vice-kings, and it is said anciently one of Montezuma's country seats, he will be struck at beholding from a terrace around the palace, the imposing scenery of the whole valley of

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Mexico; he will then see there some lofty majestic trees, which bear witness of many by-gone ages.

A visit to the gleaming Sanctuary of Guadalupe will prove interesting, as also a ride to the Lake. The fishing of the Lake, as well as the hunting of wild ducks, which are there by thousands, is monopolized by people who pay a rent to the government.

In the city of Mexico, no other fire is necessary to give warmth in winter than the rays of the sun; no other relief is wanted in the season of heat, but the shade. The same garments which cover men in the dog-days, protect them in January. This mildness and agreeableness of climate under the torrid zone, is the effect of several natural causes entirely unknown to the ancients, who believed it uninhabitable; and not well understood by some moderns, by whom it is esteemed unfavourable to those who live in it. The purity of the atmosphere, the smaller obliquity of the solar rays, and the longer stay of this luminary upon the horizon in winter, in comparison with some other regions farther removed from the equator, concur to lessen the cold and to prevent all that horrid bleakness which disfigures the face of nature in other climes. During the winter, a serene sky and the natural delights of the country are enjoyed there, whilst, under the frigid, and even for the most part under the temperate zones, clouds rob man of the prospect of heaven, and the snows bury the beautiful productions of the earth. The plentiful showers which from May to September water the earth; the *Popocatepetl* and *Iztaiuhuatl* lying near each other, perpetually covered with snow, but thirty-three miles distant from Mexico to the south-east, temper the atmosphere of the capital with a cool and pleasant breeze, and the shorter stay of the sun upon the horizon, compared with the circumstances of the temperate zones, transform the summer of that happy valley into a cool and cheerful spring.

Every one is aware that there are in Mexico, at small intervals, cold, hot and temperate climates. The capital lies under a temperate clime. Tropical fruits abound there at any season of the year. European fruits grow also, but cannot stand comparison with the indigenous ones. Vegetables of every kind are very cheap. The vine grows well in some part of that country and yields excellent wine. They have good poultry, meat and milk. Game and birds of the most handsome plumage are plenty there. Good drinking water is not abundant, as is generally the case in all America,

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at least comparatively with Europe. Their *pulque*, a fermented drink made from the *maguey*, or tree of Mexican aloe, some say, disgusts at first; but finally becomes agreeable to foreigners. For my part I found it a dreadfully stinking drink, and I think that even a residence of fifty years in Mexico would not reconcile me to it. Cattle is plenty and large in the republic of Mexico, but they have not good milch cows; a common American cow will yield more milk than four Mexican cows together, which proceeds from their negligence in improving their stock. Horses are small, but very fleet, and can resist fatigue. Any common horse there will perform daily sixty miles, and a good horse ninety or more, without having his bit taken off. He will travel thus, uninterruptedly, a distance of eight or nine hundred miles.

Living at a hotel in the city of Mexico, costs as much as in New-Orleans, that is to say, from fifty to sixty dollars a month; but a family or a few bachelors keeping house can live splendidly at a moderate expense.

People of a strong constitution alone, should think of making the city of Mexico their permanent residence, not persons in delicate health. Its elastic and mild air must not make us forget that it is situated at an elevation of over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and that the air is so light and rarefied as to affect those accustomed to a lower atmosphere. Even robust people experience the inconvenience of short and difficult respiration. It happened to me in going up some stairs or walking fast, to become all at once breathless and be obliged to gesticulate, in order to make people aware that they had to wait until I could recover my speaking power.

The most common disease in the capital, I was told, is diarrhœa. In the hot countries they have intermitting fevers, spasms and consumption. The black vomit, which was not known in that country before 1726, prevails on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. In other parts, catarrhs, fluxes, pleurisies and acute fevers are very common. Besides these more frequent diseases, certain epidemical disorders arise at times, that seem in some degree periodical. The small-pox, which the Spanish conquerors imported there, and killed millions of Indians, appears very often in Mexico. At the time I was there, it made ravages among children and adults too, in the capital. I saw they took some measures to arrest the contagion; but it seems they are not very particular about the vaccination, while, as a physician told me, in that country people ought to be innoculated twice.

A shocking sight in walking through the city of Mexico, is

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to behold so many ragged, half-naked and squalid looking people. They form, by far, the majority of the moving population, and I need not say that they are so, because they choose to be so. Amidst their plenteousness they care nothing about working; thus the land of gold and silver is the land of rags and penury. There are, moreover, very many deformed and ugly people, which is chiefly accounted for from the confusion and intermixture of so many different races, as Indians, negroes, mulattoes, creoles, whites and *mestizos*. Even among the higher classes such monstrous faces are to be seen as to frighten the looker on.

Speaking of the women, I was too fresh from New-Orleans and had my imagination too full of those perfect and fascinating beauties—real master-pieces of nature, that I never saw, *en masse*, elsewhere except there—to find the Mexican ladies handsome. I should say, I met with very few having any claim to beauty, and many, great many of the ugliest *frontispieces* on earth, chiefly disfigured by the small-pox. I borrow from a countryman of mine an exclamation, which I found, at least partly, seasonable. He had been asked how he found the Mexican women. "Well," said he, "let me see some women, for hitherto I have seen but females."

Women there generally enwrap their body and head with the *mantilla* so closely that nothing is to be seen of their face except the eyes and nose, under which, with the thumb and forefinger of their right hand they close the mantilla.

I feel the seriousness of entering into higher and more important subjects. I shall do my best to show the social, political and religious state of that country, as far as my short residence enabled me to make practical observations.

The social condition of Mexico has been vouched by some travellers as being abominable. I shall not, for my part, rush indiscriminately against every thing which bears the Mexican stamp; but, separating what is bad from what is good, I shall point at vice with regret; nor shall I forget that we are all men, all equally subject to err, and that the duty of a Christian is, to urge the conversion, not the damnation of the sinner.

In that country I met with some of the best men I ever knew, and if generally speaking, people there are more given up than in other countries to bad habits, that is accounted for from their laboring under the greatest of all misfortunes, viz: that of never having had a strong, firm and upright government.

One of their most common vices is gambling; the same propensity for that vice being prevalent in every part of the

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republic, and amongst all classes. It is *a business* for them, and they carry it on with a peerless impudence, especially at certain times of the year, which they call *temporadas.*— In the capital they have the *temporada de St. Agostino,* which happens about the end of August, and lasts a month. Every city, town, or village has its *temporada.* Prominent houses are at that time places of rendezvous where a *monte* is conducted with capital funds amounting to many hundred thousand dollars; doubloons are then much in demand for gambling accommodation, and from their real value, sixteen dollars, they rise to seventeen. Many other *montes* on a smaller scale, are at the same time conducted here and there. I was not in any place during such open and general gambling; but I purposely visited some private gambling-houses in Mexico and elsewhere, the existence of which is sufficient to demonstrate how, apart of the mentioned great temporary excitements, gambling is a daily business in that country. In such places you never fail seeing among the *bankers* some of those frightful faces which I noticed before and which make one shiver, when after looking around, with a hollow voice, they ask if "all is ready."

There, old and young, rich and poor, are to be seen promiscuously, all watching with feverish anxiety on the turning of the cards. When the card tells, the decision of the game is easily known by some low, indistinct utterance. It was at night that I experienced the greatest horror at beholding the dismal picture which surrounded me. A large crowd of men exhibiting alternately a pleasant or awkward figure was pressing so much a table loaded with gold and silver as to produce a shade in the outside of the circle. My heart sunk when I fancied that fathers and guardians were there jeopardizing the fortune and future prospects of their children and wards. The Mexicans are said to be famous for their self-command in gambling; I could, however, see very plainly their hearts heaving and their internal struggle, when fortune was repeatedly averse to them.

I said before, that the rich are confounded with the poor; yet there are houses reserved to the highest classes, where none are admitted without an introduction. They are confident on their not being seen by every body—must I say all? —even ministers of the gospel are amidst the multitude in their holy dresses; while in the low houses artizans go to hazard on one or two cards the fruit of their hard labor, careless if their wives be in distress or children crying at home for bread. There, in fine, young men scarcely fourteen or fifteen years of age, throw themselves headlong in the career of dissipation and crime. I recollect having seen boys play-

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ing the fool in billiard-rooms to inveigle and cheat new-comers; characters which came not new to me, but which I never saw before represented, except by men of a certain age, or by what the English call "men about town."

Foreigners in Mexico become, alas! with not many exceptions, infected with the disease and very often ruin themselves.

Now, if we wish to search into the causes of such disorders, we shall find them in the non-execution of the laws.—Gambling has been the vice of all nations. The Mexicans do what was done not long ago throughout all Europe, what they at present openly do in Russia and England but especially in London.

There is no country, now-a-days, in the civilized world, which has not good laws; the great difference consists in having them enforced or not; now, the magistrates in the various Mexican places are responsible for the breach of the law against gambling. The keeping of the houses to which I referred is forbidden by the laws, and sometimes a new establishment of the kind will be put down; which will occur when the owners forget anointing, or do not anoint enough with *Mexican ointment* the hands of the police officers; for whenever such precaution is taken, every thing goes on smoothly, the officers themselves being among the most unremitting customers. Can we now believe that the government is ignorant of the existence of such infamous houses? I, for my part, cannot, and lay the whole blame upon it.

Americans in reading these accounts will pity Mexico; however, they have not much to boast on this head, because gambling is carried on, although with some difference as regards mode, pretty briskly and on a very large scale through the United States, where, they will gamble or bet at races, on elections, and, as I saw it noticed in some paper, even on the person who is more likely to be killed in a duel. I refer to American papers also, when I mention the *black-legs* regularly travelling on the western waters on *professional* tours alone, amounting to three thousand. In large, as well as in small places, gambling is the order of the day. The laws of the United States are severe against such offenders—true; but *cui bono?* if, in some measure, for the same causes attributed to the Mexicans, the hand of justice never reaches them, as alas! it does not very often reach even the perpetrators of the most barbarous and shocking deeds of blood.

Go on board a steamboat, and you will never fail seeing the printed "*rules* and *regulations*," amongst which, there is a paragraph concerning playing. "At ten o'clock," it will

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say, "games must stop, in order not to trouble passengers in their rest-hours," but, the captain himself, and the clerk will be the first to gamble until twelve o'clock, or even until day-light.

It is commonly asserted by the Americans, that, "corrupted France" swarms with black-legs; still, making the due distinction between playing for amusement and for money, or professionally, I class it as a gross error. Should I admit, which I do not, more disposition to sin among the French than the Americans, there is, in reference to most crimes a great contrast between the two countries; I mean, here, the contrast in the way in which laws are enforced; nor is it necessary to say *which* side has the advantage over the other.

Distant countries are very often misunderstood, especially when a perverted and malignant spirit of religion poisons every thing which is connected with other creeds. I shall not make, in my work, many allusions to my native country. I cannot, however, omit saying here, that in the place where I resided, amidst a population of about sixty thousand inhabitants, I did not know of more than eight or ten persons who were in the habit of playing for money, and that, among themselves; while in my long journeys through "degenerated, effeminate Italy," or, as some frequently call it "the Romish Country," I never saw gambling in any way, prevalent amongst the Italians.

Let us go back to Mexico. Robberies are much spoken of, as frequently occurring in that country, and, although there is a great deal of exaggeration about such events; although, for the reckless disregard for human life (which is among the most lamentable features of the American character) much less lives and property are lost there in one year, than in a single blowing up of a steamboat in the United States; although it would be a new occurrence to see in Mexico two or three hundred passengers put in danger with part or all their respective property by a ruffian running expressly with the steamboat of which he is a captain, full against an opposition-line steamboat, as it often happens in this country, without seeing such villians approaching, not a scaffold, but not even a gaol—it would be absurd to deny that robbery is among the most common occurrences in Mexico. Travelling there is dangerous; besides they will steal, no matter what, as soon as a person diverts his attention from it. I was myself thus pillaged in detail of many trifles.

High-way robberies take place rather often. It is however, to be remarked that, out of ten such cases, the person who is plundered is accountable to himself for the occur-

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rence. Those who rob, are generally from the same places where a traveller stops; they are always careful in examining him and making inquiries about his destination and business. Whenever he is not cautious in properly evading such questions, his money or valuables, if he has any, will *change hands*.

Nothing is more curious than their mode of catching travellers with the *lazzo* or a long rope, one end of which they fix at their saddle, the rest being rolled up on their right hand; their skill in ensnaring cattle is then used against travellers. The Mexicans are so able in throwing the *lazzo* that, even at full speed they make it their choice to seize either the horse or the rider, who in both cases, is rudely thrown down.

Unless resistance is opposed, it very seldom happens that high-way robbers kill or hurt any body. In most cases they strip the traveller and tie him naked to a tree, at a little distance from the road, to give him chance to be heard and released by the passers-by. If such a compliment is paid to a stranger, he has trouble to escape starving, for there is in the Republic of Mexico, neither the plenty nor the good will of the United States, in helping the unfortunate who may be in need of bread or other necessaries of life.

The state of the roads in a country is an infallible thermometer of its civilization. The Mexican roads do not say much in favor of the country; still they have some and stages run there. The Spaniards, who have not many roads at home, did not care about making roads in the country whose riches they sucked.

The stage plying between Mexico and Vera Cruz was in former times regularly plundered, at least once every trip: mark me! although things on this quarter are still bad in Mexico, they have improved, and are not half as bad as they used to be. Stages have been robbed in the city itself, on their way between the stage-office and the gate; nor is it many years ago when, in taking out the bags of money from the collector's house in the city of Mexico, and heaping them on the principal square, where the mules of the *Conducta* or transportation-line for money, were ranged in two files waiting to receive the *tallegas* (bags containing 1500 dollars) on their back, though there was a crowd of people and a strong squadron surrounding the money, some rogues on horseback, on a given signal, rushed from different streets to the spot, overthrew the guards, and before the sentinels could recover from their shock and surprise, made their escape with a bag of money each. There was a time, and that not far back, when one could not walk at noon in the

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alameda without some danger of surrendering to *amateurs* of jewelry and money his purse, breast-pin and watch. Since the last appointment of Gen. Filisola to the general command of the capitol and province of Mexico, the stages are very seldom stopped, especially those running between Mexico and Vera Cruz.

He provided for many military posts to be stationed on the road, and many months elapsed without any accident; yet, just at the same time I was there, the Mexico and Vera Cruz stage was robbed twice in succession; and a German brewer riding on horseback from Jalapa to Puebla was robbed and mortally wounded. The scoundrels were two; he thought of resisting and would have given them a good lesson had not his double-barrelled gun missed fire: he put hands immediately to his sabre, but they were already upon him, and although he fought bravely he forfeited his life.

There are certain situations in the republic of Mexico, in which are dens of thieves; the worst however, is when a man has money in his house and the fact is known. He must be very cautious and well prepared for all events; nor are even churches exempt from thefts, it frequently happening that worshippers have their pockets emptied.

What does the government do to suppress all such crimes? I mentioned before that robbers are reduced in number and audacity since a few years; yet that does not excuse the authorities for the very many robberies which are still here and there committed, or for not punishing the criminals as by this means they enhance the perpetration of new offences. The laws condemn them; however, either by intrigue, influence or corruption, they escape their rigor; and nothing is more contagious than a crime, when it is left unpunished.

Ruffians have there many chances of avoiding punishment; first, on account of the immense extent of the country, as well as for the poor manner in which the police is conducted; then if a culprit is caught, he has the possibility either of bribing his judge, or making somehow his escape from prison; in case he is condemned and sent to the galleys, he will try there, and often succeed in freeing himself of his fetters; and at last when all such trials fail, he will have confidence in getting his pardon from the President. Take the *Diairio del Gobierno*, and you will see almost daily that "His Excellency was pleased to let loose one or more convicts"—why; no body knows.

There is ground indeed to wonder how the action of the laws being so paralized and scorned, there still remain,

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especially among the indigents who compose the mass of the population, persons bearing an unstained character.

In looking over an official statistic of the offences which had been tried in a district of the republic, or a report to the minister of justice, I saw they had had in a certain lapse of time, one hundred and seven convicts; eight of them were homicides, and seventeen for wounds inflicted: of the balance I did not take special notice; but I could not believe my eyes at seeing the following remark at the bottom of the report. "On account of not having, as you know we have not, any safe place wherewith to secure convicts they are all at large, or wandering through the country." Was it not a curious statement.

Not being liable to a chronological exposition of facts, I shall relate here another information which I obtained, whilst on my way from Mexico to Vera Cruz; it will serve as an additional proof of the mismanagement of the Mexican authorities, in reference to vagabonds. Three dragoons who escorted me from —— to —— in talking about robbers, related the trouble they had experienced some time before in arresting a gang of thirty high-way robbers. Led by an able officer, they were mostly indebted to him for their success; but soon after, *Gen. Codallios* the governor of Puebla, all at once released the prisoners. Since that event, as they said, they do not take it much to heart to put their life in jeopardy for nothing, and I think the dragoons are right.

Here comes an account of a man of high standing, a Colonel in the army and aid-de-camp of Gen. Santa Anna, who proved to be a high-way robber. Being at the head of a large band of *worthy fellows*, he was attentive in spying at the passport-office the movements of the persons more likely to travel with money, and availing himself of this knowledge, directed accordingly his men. His name was *Janes*. He had prospered in his achievements at large as well as in some *coups-de-main* in the capital. He had entered two monasteries, and taken on himself the responsibility of safely employing twenty or thirty thousand dollars, which he, as a business-man, thought improperly idle in the hands of the nuns. In the disguise of a priest he was an accomplice in robbing and assassinating Mr. Meret, the Swiss consul. He had been the principal in many a bloody concern; but the cup was filled: God bid him appear before the tribunal of men.

The trial of Col. Janes and some of his accomplices proved long and difficult. It lasted about three years; during which time many attempts were made to render the solution of the affair impossible. A sum of money was offered to destroy

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the documents which had reference to the trial: a cup of poisoned chocolate was presented to the chief judge, a man whose name I am sorry I cannot mention here; an honest incorruptible magistrate, such as are rarely to be found in that country. All his attempts, however, proved abortive. A sentence of death was pronounced against the prisoner.

Gen. Sta. Anna, was at that time president *pro tempore*. The sentence had to receive his confirmation; but Sta. Anna hesitated in allowing the execution of his aid-de-camp. Now, some mystic and broken words had during the trial escaped from Colonel Janes: he had said, that *the most* was unknown; he had spoken of highly important and unexpected revelations, and had frequently hinted that, if he should die, *some body else* would meet with the same fate. From all that, nothing positive transpired; however, it was a general impression that the person refered to by Janes, was Sta. Anna himself, whose hesitation strengthened the suspicion against him; but, what corroborated still more the impression that Sta. Anna, was a partner in the whole concern, was the perfect and pertinacious unconcernedness of the culprit, who, placed in so terrible a situation, appeared quite sure he would extricate himself from it. He went often so far as to give way to the most revengeful and atrocious threats against the courageous magistrate, who, heedless of dangers had caused the sentence of death to be pronounced.

A great excitement prevailed on that occasion among the population. Sta. Anna began to feel uneasy and dreaded a reaction. He retired from the presidential chair, and his successor, Gen. Bravo (who was in office but a few days) confirmed the sentence.

At last, to the great astonishment of the concerned party, and to the great satisfaction of the whole population, Col. Janes was executed. In July 1839 he closed his career of crimes, expiating on the scaffold his contempt of God and men.

Whether Bustamente had or not any thing to do, as regards the confirmation of the sentence I do not know; I am however, inclined to believe he had not.

President Bustamente is a perfect gentleman. I was pleased with his conversation and manners; yet he will excuse me if I say he is not the man fit to save that decayed social machinery, he is too good natured; he will resist complying with a request once, twice, and then he will grant any concession; whilst in a country situated as Mexico, no mercy should be shown.

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Disregarding again chronological order, I shall, by way of comparison, carry my reader to Havanna and the island of Cuba. Only six years ago the whole island laboured under the same evils as the republic of Mexico does now. There was no where security: clerks going to collect were stopped at mid-day in the principal streets of Havanna and robbed of the money they carried: ladies under the same circumstances had their jewelry, combs and handkerchiefs brutally pulled off: young men were stripped of their watches, money and cravats: no day passed without some theft, fight or murder. The negroes were among the most active criminals.

Gen. Tacon was sent in 1835 by the court of Spain as governor of that island. No sooner was he installed there, than he understood the situation of the island and its wants. As a true philosopher, he sought for proper remedies to restore tranquility and happiness. Stern, firm, upright and deaf to any influence whatever, he commenced his work of regeneration, and undauntedly overthrowing every thing which crossed his path, in less than three years, he made of the island of Cuba a new country.

Many complaints were raised against him, all in reference to his severity, and some I have no doubt, rightly; but none denouncing base, mean acts. *Extrema mala, extrema remedia:* considering the state in which Tacon found Cuba, any other course he had taken, would have resulted in an opiate —the disease would have remained.

With clean hands and a soul superior to venality, he went for a radical cure, which could not be obtained except by extreme rigor. Some were wronged, I grant it; this Tacon, however, though a great man, was—*a man*, which is equal to say, apt to be mistaken. I venture to advance that he never did wrong any body intentionally, or to gratify any dishonorable feeling. When, after all, we look upon the total change that was operated in the social condition of that island, let us bless the hand which achieved the great work. In similar cases the end justifies the means.

A nobleman, a man of the highest character, and a deserving companion of Col. Janes, had one hundred and fifty negroes, whom he owned or hired to rob and murder on his account. He had great influence, and used it to shield his slaves and save them, when they were caught, from the grasp of justice; but Tacon arrived; he did not pause a moment; he looked into the matter, and as he could not do more, he banished the Marquis ——— from the island of Cuba.

Tacon was generous, unpretending and charitable; he

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was the protector of the weak against the strong: no high rank, nor female intercession, nor the treasures of Crœsus would have made him deviate one inch from the line of strict justice which he had prescribed to himself; even his son, who once did not fulfil his duties as a public officer, was not spared by him.

The wicked, frightened by the echo of the inexorable measures of Gen. Tacon, and trembling only at hearing his name pronounced, cleared away of themselves. The island of Cuba which had been, I believe in all times, the shelter of lawless runaways from all countries, who selected it as a new and safe field for their exploits, was freed of them.

What Mexico wants is a Tacon. The appearance on its political stage of such a man, would soon revive its degenerated and dejected body.

CHAPTER III.

Drunkenness in Mexico, with allusions to the United States—How Americans look upon France and other nations of Europe—Extracts from French works—Missions to convert France—Americans who visit Europe—Manners in the United States—Schools in Mexico—Public education and teachers in the United States—What parents do for their children—American doctors—Making of a professor in the college of Cincinnati—Woodward college in the same place—Other remarks on teachers—How Europe stands in reference to sciences and arts.

Drunkenness is a common vice among the lower people in Mexico, though I believe not to the same extent as among the poor classes in the United States. The advantage they have over this country, is in reference to the higher classes. It is by no means uncommon to see Americans of high, and even of the highest character, addicted to intoxication. I recollect even some temperance society's members tipsy—at home! Such disgusting excess is a stranger amongst educated people in Mexico. Another offensive sight spared a traveller there, is chewing tobacco.

Smoking is universal in Mexico. The fair sex have almost constantly a paper cigar in their mouth.

The Mexicans dread the air so much that in entering their houses, one gets almost sick at being obliged to breathe a sultry and suffocating atmosphere. About their persons, generally, they are not very clean. They seldom wash their

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faces, for they say they will not expose themselves to catch cold!

We all know that strangers gradually get into the habits of the people amongst whom they live. The most industrious people from Europe or the United States sink there, I was told, little by little, into a kind of torpor, and after a residence of a few years, there remains but a residual notion of their former energy. The climate has a mighty influence in such revolutions. I was not prepared, however, to see Europeans and much less Frenchmen, following the Mexican anti-washing doctrine.

I was often and very eagerly questioned about the domestic relations and manners of that country; and before proceeding to this subject, let me premise with a solemn declaration, that I take it in hand with the greatest repugnance, inasmuch as I shall be obliged to intermix some allusions to other countries.

Who does not know the horrors that are heard in the United States, and read in the American prints, concerning the "infidels of France?" Mexico, my own country, and others are equally treated as regards the extent to which the faith and incumbent duties of marriage are respected.

First, allow me to say, that such speakers or writers ought to blush mainly for themselves at what gratuitously, and often exultingly, they assert; then let me say, that it is mostly in drawing parallels between protestant and catholic countries that they do so. Forgetful that in this very land, amongst their hearers or readers, there are people who have left in those countries mothers, sisters or daughters; it is in the delivery of sermons, or in the exhibition of religious works that some would-be supporters of christianity, *very unchristianly*, make the heart of a son, brother or father bleed.

Whenever a writer corroborates the general impressions concerning the depravity going on in France, (I so frequently mention France, because that country is taken in the United States as the standard of all southern nations of Europe) they will never fail giving his accounts an insertion in their papers or periodical works; but if any one attempts to disperse the clouds which hover over the social conditions of France, Italy, Spain or Portugal, his accounts will never be diffused; while I need not say that the contrast between different relators can alone enable distant nations to draw proper conclusions.

I have seen some extracts from French productions, which breathe nothing else but malice. Mons. Parent Duchatelet a few years ago, and Mons. ———, of late, with the most

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commendable public spirit, undertook to point out the vices prevalent in Paris. Duchatelet's work on the *prostitution de la Ville de Paris*, a large octavo volume, was intended to exhibit the conduct and condition of the wretched inmates of ill-famed houses; and to point at the bad effects that, by their shameless proceeding, resulted to the public morals. The consequence of his philosophical undertaking was, that the police adopted certain measures, whereby there is now, in that respect, much less scandal in the capital of France in that, as Americans generally call it, "receptacle of all turpitudes," than in New-York or Philadelphia.

Some Americans will startle at what I have just said;—however, let the sceptics go to Paris and be eye-witnesses of how things are there.

Now, permit me to ask, is there any such work upon any city of the United States? if not, allow me to add that it is ungenerous to avail one's self of such notions to direct the attention of the Americans to the vices of the Parisians.

I consider the United States not only a great, but a wonderful country; such as has never been, and will, probably, never be seen again—springing up a giant whilst yet in its cradle. I admire the country and like the people; still I would not see so many prejudices adopted, as if they were part of their creed, against other nations. The Americans want not to become great at the expense of others; they are already so. As to the moral state of this country, it is altogether as good as that of any other; I believe, however, they ought to set aside their presumption of their being far superior to others in this respect. Shall I say all? They are wont to say of themselves what other people think of themselves too; but will never say, prefering to have it said by others.

The word "presumption," which I have just used, will not be considered as misapplied, after I have made my readers acquainted with a piece, not of presumption, but of impudence, which occurred during my residence in Cincinnati.

Such a one, I believe a reverend, called a meeting at a church, proclaiming to have some very important disclosures to make; which consisted in drawing the picture of morality in France. He gave a truly dismal description of the state of society in that country: many a tear gushed from the eyes of the most sensitive part of his auditory, until at last he said "something must be done to save from eternal damnation France—thirty three millions of souls!" Yes, yes, muttered some sobbing persons, and a resolution was immediately passed to send a missionary *to convert France!!!* Some pecuniary means were wanted to enable the missionary to start for Paris,

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the most *gangrenous* part of that country. A subscription was opened and money collected. Some, I imagine, will be anxious to know *who* was to be sent on such a mission; and they will, perhaps, smile when informed that the very person who called the meeting and offered the resolution was the man. I should like myself to know how far he went with his noble undertaking, although I expect he is dividing his time between making converts and writing a treatise on *Christian humility*.

After giving place to the above account, I feel it my duty to add, that the "Cincinnati Whig," a spirited paper, then edited by Col. Conover, a gentleman of liberal principles, commented next day the whole matter, and called it a shameful humbug.

I cannot refrain from noticing here the missionaries who are sent to Europe by the American temperance societies. I read the report, sent by some of them, who through Gen. Cass, the American minister in Paris, were admitted to the presence of Louis Phillippe and the Duke of Orleans. The king told them that France could never do without wine, since from seven to eight millions, in one way or another, live there by that trade. The hereditary prince consoled them much better by assuring them that he approved of their principles, and never drank wine unless mixed with water. I have not the least doubt that, if they went farther, inculcating temperance, they must have been mistaken for charlatans; or if they met with somebody acquainted with the United States, they must have been advised to go home and see if they could not do better service to their cause in their own country; where there are, at least, ten drunkards to one in France.

What shall I say now, of certain American papers, which for their reputation and standing ought to have better notions and profess more liberal maxims when they make sharp remarks, or openly and highly condemn the Americans who visit Europe? "Such visiters," they say, "get the contagion of the depraved old world; they assume the *bad* habits of France, Italy or other countries, and coming home they spoil the *pure* manners of their native land." Is there not in all that something still worse than presumption?

Such people, blind with the persuasion that morality has deserted the seat of their fathers to settle amongst them—pigmies, who to show that they are something like men, have no other means but howling—fools, that to make an easy impression and win popularity, study any way to flatter the already too much exalted feelings of the Americans; such

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people I say, take upon themselves excommunicating at once all Europe and Europeans; not remembering that from there their fathers brought here the seeds of their present condition and moral standing.

Were I not strongly impressed that the principal reason for which most Americans blame their fellow-citizens visiting Europe is, that they cannot do the same, I would take argument from the very immorality of such reasoning, and advise them to go themselves to Europe, where, provided they be assisted by the same discrimination which is everywhere, even in the United States, necessary to avoid the evil and follow the good, they will improve both their head and their heart.

Can any man show to me an American paper not containing accounts of forgeries, robberies, duels, murders or mysterious disappearances of public officers, clerks, cashiers of banks or other persons, who, as they will say "after having borne an unimpeachable character" turned out defaulters, runaways, &c.? If all crimes which are perpetrated in the United States by persons of high character should be punished, I am at a loss to guess which class would send more boarders to the penitentiaries. Money is power everywhere; however, nowhere *l' argent fait tout* as in this country, and as some will suppose I go rather too far, I shall quote an editorial article "upon the progress of crime in the United States," which I have now before me.

"*We may disguise it from others,*" says it, "but we cannot from ourselves, that crime increases to a very frightful degree in our country; and the worst feature is, that the criminals are not persons of low birth, and destitute of education and good example, but rather, on the contrary, priding themselves in their intelligence and respectability. He who steals but five thousand dollars," says the same paper, "is a mean, pitiful, petty-larceny-knave, who ought to dig stone in Blackwell's island without commisseration; but he who robs to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars is a clever fellow—he shakes hands with one gentleman, bows to another, talks politics to a third, and loans a fourth a part of his plunder. When the gentleman-thief is discovered, he finds friends, ample bail, makes a compromise with his sufferers, his crime is imputed to unsuccessful speculations, and he escapes the law."

When Americans speak of Europe, they lay a stress chiefly on the *playing false* of the French, Italians and others;—however, I know myself some occurrences of the kind happened here in "high life" having been instantly stifled, while

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a mere suspicion falling in "middle life" has been enough to keep off from society the poor suspected and often innocent person.

If I were writing exclusively on the United States, I would have a boundless field to expatiate upon, and by enrolling comparisons in the way of facts, between the United States and other countries, I could very likely succeed in proving that every one has its right and wrong side. I shall, however, confine myself to saying that there are sinners everywhere; that the dread of public opinion imposes here the necessity of carefully concealing some faults which are looked upon with too much indifference in other countries; while great people should never forget that if we must not rely upon appearances, we cannot condemn the respect which is paid to them.

I heard some contending that the only difference between the United States and Mexico or some countries of Europe, as regards breach of conjugal faith, consists in the mode not in the substance. I shall grant nevertheless, that either for the obligation under which they are of keeping up appearances, or for the existence of more virtue, marriage is a much more sacred tie amongst the Americans than amongst other nations. I shall push my argument so far as to say that an American house may be the model of almost all houses and families, in the midst of which a general and uniform quietness reigns; while elsewhere every family or house will present different pictures, wherein scenes of virtue and happiness will be offered to the view alternately, with a display of vice and despondency.

So far all is good. I would ask now if Americans can stand comparison with other nations, as regards natural affection, or that overflowing of warm, tender, passionate feeling which is so commonly exhibited elsewhere between relatives. A child in Europe will return affection approaching adoration to his parents, who live only with the life of their children. A brother there is a dear companion and protector of his sister; he would a hundred times jeopard his very existence in her behalf, while she anticipates every word, thought, or act intended to show her fondness for him.—Such brothers and sisters with whom "corrupted France and Italy" swarm, would very often indeed be mistaken for ardent lovers in the United States.

I shall not speak the language of an intelligent young lady, Miss W——, of Cincinnati, who told me that "Americans know not what brotherly or sisterly love is;" but I shall say, that such affections in this country are pale and speechless;

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it being well understood that I speak in general, there existing many most beautiful exceptions.

Twice I happened to see a member of a family reach home after an absence of eight or ten years—how do you do ?—well, and you ?—very well—are they all well at home ? yes : a shaking of hands with father, mother, brothers and sisters constituted the whole poetry of the meeting.

I witnessed once on board a steamboat two brothers who in conversing recognized each other. One of them had left home very young, and learnt from the other that their father had departed this life—I shall not say more of them.

A New-Englander fifteen years of age, or soon after, having *finished* his education, will leave just the same as a traveller separates himself from fellow-travellers, whom he happened to meet with in a stage or steamboat. The youth full of schemes and hopes will go a couple of thousand miles, then stop, then move and stop and move again until he makes his fortune.

By that time, supposing our man to be from Boston, he will go home, and as during his absence he never corresponded with his family, he will stop at the Tremont House or at the City Hotel and next day will go calmly and see who of his family is left and who is gone. Exaggerated as this picture may appear, it is by no means so. I asked once of an old lady living now in Indiana, Mrs. V——, how many children she had. "I do not know exactly, I have them scattered in every direction, and have not heard of some of them for a long time;" was her reply.

If my dear mother hears of this fact I am sure she will not believe me. For the rest, the coldness I have noticed is the result of their natural disposition, and much more so of their system of education.

In that part of the United States which is so much abused by the eastern people, I was highly pleased at seeing much warmer feelings entertained between kins-folk, as well as between friends. Absence of vice makes good society; but of a stiff, wan, barren and somehow repulsive goodness, if there is at the same time absence of virtue. Such is, according to my impression, society in the eastern States; and though I do not pretend to decide what is substantially better, give me a southern man—his warm hand shaking mine will give me to understand that his heart is not "rustily lying in its cell" and beating only as a machine to propel the blood into the veins.

After all that, I conceive there was no use for me go as far as I have done with this subject. Philosophers will not

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require me to say that there is a compensation in every thing, while those who think Europe "extremely low in morals" will laugh at my efforts to defend that curious part of the world.*

I wish moreover to be understood, that what I have said in behalf of France and other European nations, is in part to be applied to the state of the Mexican society, which is not so wretched as it is thought abroad. The worst of it is, the many mock marriages they have among all classes, which are but occasional and highly censured. The Mexicans call such unions, marriages "behind the church;" which tolerated or nearly publicly acknowledged as they are, tend to undermine the very social edifice.

I am giving now my views about public education in Mexico. The mass of the people there have no means of learning, and are totally ignorant. I remarked in the cities a small number of private schools. The Mexicans are generally careless of giving any education to their children, with the exception of those who are brought up to fill some high station in life. The boundary mostly assigned to the scholastic pursuits of the Mexican youth is reading, writing and making accounts. I shall not let pass unnoticed some good schools they have in the capital; one the *Mineria*, to

* In conversing on the subject of "natural affections" in this country, or better to say in reading over this part of my conclusions to the venerable Mr. Duponceau, of Philadelphia, I found I was greatly at variance with him, as well as with an English physician, who happened to be present at the conversation.

Mr. Duponceau's opinion is, that such feelings of which I have judged the Americans in general deficient, are prevalent as much here as anywhere else. "The only difference" says he, "between the North Americans and the Europeans or the southern people of the United States, consists in *the way* whereby such affections are made evident. Amongst the first, though solid and fixed in the farthest recess of their heart, they are concentrated and unfolded; whilst among the others they are unclosed and expansive! Affection in the American people shows itself more in facts than in words."

I did not reside long enough in England or any other of the northern countries of Europe, to feel safe in ascertaining that there exist natural affections as much as in the northern States of the American Union; without there being that curtain which, according to the impressions of Mr. Duponceau, conceals them; but I say conceals with them the only beautiful colors which animate the picture of our short, flying, and too often bitter existence.

It is unnecessary for me to say, that in quoting (with his permission) the opinion of Mr. Duponceau, I am very glad to compromise my notions on this head after the authority of such a man as he. I do so then with the greatest satisfaction, for I do not know what I should lose even if I happen to follow one of *Filangeri's* doctrines, which was "to believe men better than they are."

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instruct artisans, is well conducted and useful to the country. They have a good military academy. Young ladies are generally educated by nuns.

I visited the two above-mentioned institutions, and was very much pleased with them. I then went to visit a college for young men, whose principal was an Indian. A very strange occurrence happened, which although not worth the trouble of being placed before my reader, left me under the impression that he may teach well literature or sciences, but will hardly make his pupil proficient in politeness. I must add now that it was the only incident of the kind; for I went nowhere in the city of Mexico, without finding the people as polite as eager in showing me every thing.

When the Mexicans wish to confer upon their children the benefit of a thorough education, they send them to Europe: however, as they have among them some very profound scholars, as well as scientific men, they could very easily make up at least one or two first rate institutions at home; and I wonder they do not think of so important a matter, nor of erecting common elementary schools through their wide country.

Some say that the clergy, who really have an influence in the affairs of that country, fearing to spread light, are the cause of the prevailing darkness; I am however, inclined to believe that it is an inexcusable apathy on the part of the government, and of the nation which holds the people in such a disgraceful state of ignorance.

What an enormous difference between Mexico and the United States! Here they have some good fountains of learning: they have institutions, which, save certain disparities between old institutions and schools of an infant country —disparities which *time alone* can efface—bid defiance to Europe.

Mexico will be laid aside for the moment, as I am going to dwell on the state of public education in the United States.

Owing to that national pride which is common to all people, but must be much more excusable in the Americans, for their rapid and wonderful progress in the path of civilization, they think their system of education is the *ne plus ultra* of perfection; and though I am aware that many a one will sneer, supposing that I intend to contradict it, that will not preclude me from saying what I am able by experience to say.

Although I was not raised for giving instruction, circumstances compelled me to do so in the United States; whereby

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I had a good opportunity to look into the matter. I shall notice a series of facts which happened under my observation, and I hope I shall not in so doing be taken for a slanderer—a slanderer is the man who condemns indistinctly every thing: that I know is not among my faults.

I have already granted that there are institutions which do honor to the United States. The West Point military academy, Cambridge and Yale universities, and St. Louis college are not only favourably known through this country, but elsewhere. There, as in the "old world," every branch of learning is taught by separate and well qualified instructors.*

In Europe a man spends all his life in enabling himself to teach a single branch of learning; and though well informed in others he would never teach but one.

In the United States on the contrary, old and young, males and females, teach English, Latin, Greek, French and Spanish; then drawing, History, Theology, Chemistry, Algebra, Geometry and Astronomy. This *wholesale* instruction is given by *one* teacher to as many pupils as he or she can enlist—sometimes 100 or 150.

It is chiefly in the western, middle and southern States that there does not exist in any other line more "humbug" than in the teaching line.

Were it not for a sense of regard towards a teacher with whom I am somewhat intimate, I could amuse my readers by presenting them with his prospectus for a female academy—a most ludicrous piece, wherein he professes to teach, besides other branches, Logic, Philology, Philosophy, Philosophy of the History, French, Italian and Spanish Classics and Poets!!! The whole to be taught, says he, in four years, and in certain cases in less time.

We dull ignorant Europeans cannot comprehend such wonders—but I shall give some further illustrations about teachers and teaching.

I recollect when I was honored by a gentlemen of the

* Besides these institutions, there are some others well conducted; and others enjoying a popularity which is altogether usurped; but none I believe is more famed as a provoking imposition than the *celebrated* Choctaw Indian academy, placed by an act of Congress under the care of the present vice-president of the United States.—The wretched *academicians*, half naked, act in and outside the White Sulphur Springs, Kentucky, as mere servants; and are by no means better treated than negroes. I said enough of them long ago in a letter which was published in many papers. After so many injuries done to the poor Indians, they are shown the door of a pseudo-school, and then shamefully "humbugged."

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highest respectability in Kentucky, with an invitation to teach his children, with some of his neighbours, (he lives in the country) provided I undertook to instruct them in Latin, Greek, Spanish and French, Geography, Natural Philosophy and Mathematics. I took the invitation as a highly flattering and undeserved compliment, as I told him in my reply, regretting that I was not one of those *walking universities* so easily to be met with in this country.

How the poor pupils, sometimes eight or ten years of age, and seldom beyond fifteen, are not crushed under such a bulk of matter, must seem wonderful to the uninitiated in the mysteries of teaching; inasmuch as girls never fail taking music lessons;* they will however recompose themselves when informed that it happens with such teachers what occurs with *restaurateurs a la carte,* if one goes late to take his dinner: on his calling for dishes which are put down in the list before him, he constantly receives from the waiter the same monotonous reply, *there is no more of it;* and after having delighted in many delicacies, he is fortunate enough if he escapes starvation. Of so many things promised in this country by teachers to pupils, nothing is complied with. Were it not so they would cause madness, not to tender young people on the first unfolding of their mental faculties, but to grown persons already accustomed to a steady application of mind.

Girls are graduated!!! let Europeans laugh as they please, I am not in jest—girls take their degrees, after going post-haste through their encyclopedical education.

At the end of the session, or of the year, an examination takes place. I attended once a female academy examination, which went on parrot-like principles. The teacher would ask of a pupil "is it not the earth which revolves in its orbit around the sun?" "Yes," will reply the candidate to bachelorship, "it is the earth which," &c. &c. &c.—the auditory bursts into acclamations; a piece extolling the *interesting* affair (in many instances written by the teacher himself) appears next day in some of the leading papers, and the vanity of both parents and pupils is fully satisfied; while the poor graduates could very often take by the hand their *professors,* and get together some lessons in English, which would be profitable to both.

Teachers at large will not take kindly my observations; I shall however admit that there are, especially amongst those who are not *universal,* many very able instructors. I shall

* I have seen music teachers taking music lessons themselves, and teaching one day what they had learned the day before.

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then in some measure exonerate even that class of teachers against whom my charges are directed.

In no country is there more impatience, more haste in the consummation of whatever project or wish, than in the United States; in consequence of which, a teacher who would conscientiously tell the time necessary to have his pupils soundly taught in the branches he knows, would be left alone in his school room. The Americans, with an ambition worthy of better results, would have their children familiar with every branch of learning; and to obtain pupils, teachers are compelled to say they know what they know not, and thus for the sake of their daily bread impose upon the people.—For this very reason German, English, Irish and Arabs are seen in the United States teaching French, Spanish or Italian in one month, and even in less time!!! Such impostors in the old continent would be dismissed with a certificate to avail them for some mad house; in the United States they are often preferred to solid teachers.

Every thing and quick—is the American motto, and they will not stop until they find a steam teaching-engine.

I must notice now a great obstacle which opposes the education of the American youth—I mean their uncontrollable dispositions. Claiming *freedom* from their earliest age, children have generally no respect either for their parents or guardians, and much less for their teachers.

Mutinies at school are not uncommon occurrences.

I hope I shall be already known as a bad hand for flattery. It is then with the aid of my experience, and that of others, when I say that the power of intelligence is wonderful in the United States—female pupils especially, have a prodigious facility of learning. I was in many instances delighted at seeing the extension of their intellectual powers; and I believe I can safely declare them in this respect superior to the European ladies. This everywhere better part of the divine creation, but in the United States *by far better*, could do wonders were they not overtaken in the midst of their pursuits by that fatal disease, common to the youth of the whole world—aversion to study.

They labor then under another disadvantage which is peculiar to the Americans—want of perseverance. Girls as well as boys will first change as many teachers as they can find: a new one is always the best for them; then they will begin and give up, and re-commence and give up so many times, until they get at the end so much confused as not to know what they were looking for. I recollect a young lady, Miss D———, saying at the end of the first quarter, "that will do

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sir, I never take more than one quarter from the same teacher." What is now the consequence of that? the consequence is that they will always begin with the first elements, it being truly astonishing how they can stand the tediousness of going every time back to the same point; whilst the teacher, who is abruptly dismissed even in the middle of the quarter, is placed on a vexatious uncertainty.

What is to be seen in the United States alone, and nowhere else, is the change of professions. Strange as it may appear, there are few Americans who persevere in their first avocation. People who pass through four or five professions or trades are very common in this country. A young man will often start as a teacher, then become a lawyer, then be a preacher, then a farmer, and ultimately something else. I knew myself a man who had been a pedlar, a preacher, a school master and a farmer—I knew another who had been a farmer, a carpenter, a tavern-keeper, and was at the time I left him practising medicine. How such a confusion of pursuits may tend to make people profound in any of them, I leave others to say.

I shall proceed with my plea in favour of the teachers in the United States, by noticing that the profession of teaching is neither honored nor honorable.

It is well understood that there exists no rule without exceptions, then I shall say—teachers are looked upon with indifference, if not contempt. Children consider their instructors not much above hired persons. I know old teachers who were lynched and beaten by their own pupils. I saw in Cincinnati boys throwing filth of every description at their teacher, an old and very respectable Frenchman, whilst he was walking in the streets.

I cannot help making here an observation, though strange to the subject. It has been I believe a song of all times, "that people have degenerated from their fathers." Here however I perceive an enormous difference between young and old people. Sober, polite and upright men are rather scarce, while honesty, frankness and cordiality are very often united in old men, who alone give some idea of those splendid characters which were so common fifty years ago, and raised the United States so high in public estimation.

Let us now see what parents do in this country for their children. Fathers are generally overcome, oppressed by business and politics. They think of giving their children a good education, as far as money is concerned; but they take no trouble about *how* they may be instructed. Children generally choose themselves their school, or I should rather say

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schools. The father scarcely knows the person who must make of his son a man. I shall relate an instance of the kind.

A friend of mine, the principal of a female academy in Cincinnati, went to pay the water-works' taxes; I was with him. "Your name sir," said the cashier—"Professor B." —"oh!" replied the other "the teacher of my daughter?"— "yes sir"—"well I am very glad to see you." Thus by mere hazard, a man who I have no doubt cares a great deal about his daughter, became acquainted with the person who was intrusted with the charge of forming her mind and heart.— Mothers do much more for their children than fathers; but their domestic cares prevent them from devoting as much time and exertions as the matter requires; then what belongs to fathers is often incompatible with the notions or duties of mothers. European teachers know not what it is to see a pupil without seeing at the same time the father or mother duly introducing their son or daughter—here on the contrary, as if they were so many foundlings, they very often present themselves to the teacher, who is obliged to ask—who they are.

American industry is almost proverbial; however the education of children ought to receive due attention, and be placed *before any business*. Nothing can apologize for such deplorable negligence on the part of fathers.

Now if we take into consideration the scarcity of good teachers, the little attention paid by parents to the education of the youth, and their undisciplined, unchecked notions and habits, we are compelled to look upon the superior men of this country as deserving double credit; for in Europe education makes great men, whilst in America, especially in the backwoods, they become great by themselves.

Teaching is not honored in the United States; I say it again; and was much pleased in reading a pamphlet published by Mr. O. de A. Santangelo, one of the most distinguished and learned foreigners who have ever resided in this country. He had and has some claims against Mexico; and an address he delivered before a respectable meeting in New-Orleans, in reference to the situation of the United States *vs.* Mexico, which at the request and expense of the same meeting was printed, suggested to Mr. Jesper Harding, the editor of the Pennsylvania Inquirer and Daily Courier, of Philadelphia, some conclusions against its author. Who is that Mr. Santangelo, said the article—a refugee and a school master; but the school master who could not, on account of the distance apply the rod, took the pen and pretty severely

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chastised the editor, with the aforementioned publication whose title is—a lesson to Mr. J. H., editor, &c. &c., from the school master, O. de A. Santangelo.

I know not if Mr. Harding derived from the *lesson* any benefit for himself or children; but I think, that the answer of Mr. Santangelo, as a school master, ought to be engraved on the door of every school house in the United States; and I wish here to be understood, that, by claiming more consideration for teachers I am not a *Cicero pro domo sua*, for I have quitted teaching, and hope I shall not be obliged to teach again.

Let us now pass for a moment from the literary to the scientific department; let us look how they make physicians here, especially in the western States. The way is very speedy: by attending eight months of lecture on medicine out of sixteen, a young man, who in most cases had no practice at all, as in many of the medical colleges it so happens that they have no hospital, nor physical nor anatomical cabinet connected with it, is left unbridled to run as he pleases and take care of nothing more nor less, than the life of his fellows.

I do not deny, that in those colleges they have some eminent men, who would be duly appreciated anywhere else; but they are like other men—they can teach, not sell or infuse science; and were God himself at their place, unless by operating a miracle, he could not transfer to a class numbering occasionally two or three hundred pupils so much knowledge, as to entitle them in so short a time to practice.

Amidst such a defective state of things, it would be erroneous to believe, that they have not, even in the backwoods, or among those who are so imperfectly taught, some good physicians. The evil is, that they learn whilst practising, what they ought to have learned at the college. As to the system itself, it is partly explained by the moving and fast increasing population which fills up the different sections of the country; it will change however, with the rotation of that incontrollable power which made arts, sciences, society and the world itself what it is—time.

Some doctors are to be met with in the United States, who are as harmless as they can be; for they get their degree purely to gratify themselves, by being entitled to place before their name "doctor" instead of that now-a-days trivial and worn out "Esq." after the name. The word "doctor" then is so sonorous, that they prefer it to the commonplace appellations of "captain, major, colonel or general"

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which have fallen very much into discredit, since every puppet is so called in the United States.

Should I go at full length, through the many strange and at the same time significant incidents which occurred to me, during my teaching epoch, I know not whether I should amuse or fatigue my readers. I shall therefore confine myself to relating a few of them.

I arrived in Cincinnati in the month of August, 1838. I was the bearer of a kind introduction from Mr. Duponceau to Dr. Drake, a man favourably known in the western States for his literary and scientific attainments. As soon as Dr. Drake saw the introduction, he told me that at the Cincinnati college they wanted a French teacher, and would exert himself to have me there in that capacity. At the same time he favoured me with written introductions to some of the most respectable persons in that city; and informed me that the then president of that institution, Rev. McGuffey, absent at that time, would return by the 1st of September, at which time the lectures, suspended by the vacation of the college, would be resumed.

It was I recollect early on a Monday morning when Dr. Drake sent me word that the president had arrived, and it was settled that we should call upon him the same morning at nine o'clock. We proceeded together to the college, where after the usual introduction and commonplace compliments, Rev. McGuffy professed to be anxious that I should fill the chair of modern languages: he added that the trustees had found my qualifications unexceptionable; he then requested me to call on him at two o'clock the same day, in order to converse about my *professorship*, and settle the business.

At the time specified I was in the hall of the college, when the president introduced me to the professors attached to the institution. He was very busy and had hardly time to talk with me. He asked what my terms would be; I told him what I intended to charge; whereupon he observed "it was too high:" half an hour had passed away when a venerable looking gentleman entered, having a young man with him. Mr. McGuffey made me acquainted with the old man, the now lamented Major *Morgan Neville*, one of the best men I ever knew—particularly distinguished for his courtesy towards strangers whom he was always intent to oblige. The young man turned out to be a Spaniard and a teacher who was there *on the same errand.*

I talked in French with Major Neville, who as he told me had received some lessons from the now king of France,

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when he was forced to seek an asylum in this hospitable land; but Mr. Neville soon left the room, and I then conversed with the Spaniard about Cadiz, his birth-place, and where I spent better days. During this conversation Mr. McGuffey whispered twice in my ears that he would be directly with me, and the third time repeated the same, only adding that he had to go out and examine some elementary teacher, but would soon be back. The professors one after another stole away, and I went on talking with my *competitor*, whom I did not forget to question about his being there at that time in order to discover if it was casual or designed. He informed me he had been requested to "call at two o'clock": the manœuvre was then clearly explained, and I only wished to know how far the farce would be carried when one of the professors, Mr. Mitchell, stepped in and thus addressed both at once: "gentlemen, president McGuffey is now too much engaged and cannot be with you, please put down your terms and call on him to-morrow morning; he who will be more reasonable shall be preferred."

I was at that that time still less familiar with the English language than I am now; however I rose up and in a broken but intelligible language replied—"sir, I am sorry, I thought I was in the Cincinnati college hall, and I see now that I am in an auctioneer-shop—any one else but professional men are thus to be treated: this gentleman (turning to the Spaniard) is qualified for the college, and president McGuffey may make his arrangements with him; for as to myself, I have nothing more to do either with the college or with him;" and bowing I left that *asylum of knowledge*.

I went immediately to see Dr. Drake—I could never bring him to the subject; from his behaviour however I clearly perceived that he did not like my abruptness. The few persons whom through Dr. Drake I knew in the city, and who had expressed a wish that I could enter the college were pleased with my conduct. An American would say they "patronized" me; but I do not admit of that servile word being applied to teachers, for they give more than they receive: I say then I was encouraged, and had as many pupils as I could attend to.

President McGuffey thinking of the stage, steamboat and ferry-boat opposition lines, tried to start a French teaching opposition line too.

There is in the "Queen of the West" another large literary institution called "the Woodward College." The president of that college called on me, as he wanted a French teacher. The professor of modern languages, or better to say of French,

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(as it is the only language to which a little attention is paid by the western people) had died. He had been a pupil of the same old French teacher I mentioned before and in twelve weeks had become a *professor*. When we came to the terms, I was really scandalized on hearing the low remuneration which was connected with the chair of modern languages; but Mr. R———, the demised professor, cleared from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars a year by teaching, at the same time, half a dozen more of scientific branches.

Many instructors are so badly paid in the United States, especially in the West, that any porter or drayman clears twice or three times as much as they do, besides being more punctually paid than teachers generally are.

Teachers of *every thing*, who have nominally devoted a quarter to learn *such things*, are by thousands in the United States. The best instance of professional effrontery, however, is the following:

On the 30th of March, 1839, a teacher either from Newport or Covington, Kentucky, called on me. He wished to take six French lessons. "I want substantial lessons," said he, "for I intend teaching French myself after." I fixed my eyes steadily upon him, and then declared that I could not comply with his request. I told him he could make application to some other teacher in Cincinnati: at first he would not, but I ultimately prevailed upon him to apply to a friend of mine, Mr. Sary. At the moment I dismissed him, an odd idea crossed my mind: hastily I set out, and, taking another way, I arrived at Mr. Sary's before the applicant got there. I briefly informed him of the occurrence, advising him to settle the terms and give him a lesson, as he had told me he would take one immediately, because he was about going into the interior of Kentucky and starting a school there. "The grammar," as these geniuses will always say, "is nothing; what I care most for is the pronunciation." My man had so expressed himself; and, though it was perhaps too bad, I suggested to my friend to teach it wrong. I wished to be a listener; therefore I went up to Mr. Sary's bedroom, which was above his office. The teacher-pupil took his lesson, and I thought I should die in endeavouring to repress my laughter at the strange howling that I heard. He took six lessons, which were given to him on the same plan; he paid two dollars each, cash after the lesson was over; and there is not the least doubt that he is now delighting some poor boy or girl, who will afterwards say, "I know French, I took so many quarters or lessons

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from Mr. ——." Such teachers, for the rest, are poured over the country *en masse* by the Eastern States, and he was one of them.

Instructors in French, knowing as much of it as the Covington or Newport man, are numberless. I shall never forget a *French scholar*, in Kentucky, who was, and is, at the head of a fashionable *Académie Champêtre*. The poor man had *so much to do*, (I never saw him doing any thing else but cleaning the pieces of his chemical apparatus, or putting a nail here and there about the house,) that he engaged me to take his place in teaching French in his institution. I happened to have some some difficulty with his son, a grown-up young man, who amused himself by stepping, under different pretexts, into my room whilst I was lecturing, and whom I was obliged to watch closely, to prevent his making grimaces to, or playing the telegraph with, the girls, at the expense of the lecturer. After having repeatedly warned him against such improper and unseasonable intrusions, I once shut the door on the nose of the impudent youth. The principal of the academy happened to be out somewhere; I sent a message to him the next day, whereby I minutely related the occurrence, intimating that I should continue teaching, conditionally with a full approbation of my conduct. I wrote to him in French, and my *French scholar* misunderstood my letter so much, that I was not a little surprised at hearing that he was angry with me, because, as he said, I had insulted him. In short, I was obliged to send him an English translation of my French letter, that he might see his gross error, besides that of having acted with me as a father, and not as the principal of the institution.

I must now notice some notions which I often found even in superior men, and which struck me. Here comes a conversation, such as it happened, with an eminent lawyer, who wished to have his daughter instructed in the French language:—"Are you a Frenchman, sir?" "No, sir: I am an Italian." "Do you know French?" "I think so." "Have you ever been in France?" "Many times." "Do you pronounce French well?" "I believe so." "Can Italians pronounce that language well?" "Sir, I am astonished you ask me such questions; if you consider me a gentleman, you have no right to suspect that I am here to impose upon you. You are well acquainted with Mr. A., Mrs. B., Miss C., who are my pupils; why do you not ask about such things of them, instead of obliging me, either to boast in your presence, in order to obtain a pupil, or, by complying with that sense of modesty which becomes a well-educated

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man, induce you to think poorly of me? Please, what benefit can you expect to derive from such questions? Let us suppose that I have not about me that honesty which forbids a man saying he knows what he does not know; or, let us suppose that my circumstances press me so hard as to make me compromise my principles, how can you expect that, being introduced to you in the capacity of a French teacher, I would avow my ignorance? If you were conversant with that language, and could judge yourself of what I am capable, you would be right; but, as you know nothing about it, be satisfied with what the friend who introduces me to you says, and do not subject me to such idle examination." The Americans would have teachers say what they, in their electioneering tours, use to say of themselves—"I am the man you want. Is there any man in the whole country or State, more honest, more capable to represent you in Congress than I?" and such like.

A good teacher who could teach English and Latin *well*, with the elements of geography and arithmetic would starve. The Americans want the sublime. The aristocracy wish to have their children rise above the community, to answer their lineage or position in society, while the tradesman, the farmer, and the mechanic feel the greatest anxiety to compete with the wealthy, and will not have their sons and daughters unacquainted with philosophy, theology, mathematics, and what else the charlatans who conduct the fashionable schools pretend to teach. Satisfied with saying, my daughter or my son is learning algebra, astronomy, chemistry and botany, they do not mind whether it is possible for them to learn such a bulk of sciences at their age and within the short time they interruptedly devote to their acquisition.

To ravish parents more and more, there comes the weekly ticket of the teacher, who never fails quoting the portentous progress of his little automata. This is the chief key by which the most ignorant instructors make themselves popular; the other secret for them to succeed being that of pleasing their pupils, which is equal to say, let them do what they choose, and above all, *never* correct them in any way: many a teacher was whipped, and even killed, because he had dared *touch* a child.

I do not mean here ill-treatment, for I should never myself allow a teacher the right of treating brutally a child of mine, if I had any; but I refer to corrections with the rod, which the wisest of men recommended, and are not, of course, intended to injure the pupil in the slightest degree.

I have seen myself the most peaceable people becoming

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furious and capable of any excess, to *avenge their insulted blood;* while the most reasonable father will, in such instances, forthwith take away his crying boy or girl from that *monster* who forgets himself so far as to punish, with a slap or two, a solemn impertinence or real insult.

This interference of parents between instructors and pupils, so general as it is, has the most fatal consequences. It contributes to render the profession more and more disgusting to a conscientious and able man. He will take it but as a transient business, or a refuge in case of necessity, to get rid of it as soon as he can; while he who is compelled to stick to it, because his shallow mind does not permit him to take a flight for another field of action, must endure so much from his pupils, as to make him execrate his degrading condition.

That something must be capitally wrong in the system of education of this country, is proved by an observation—which is not originally mine, but into which I looked, and saw it implies a fact which is peculiar, I believe, to the United States,—almost all children of the most distinguished men in the Union, turn out the opposite of their fathers in character and standing. How does that happen? I should say, it happens because shielding themselves under the shade of their fathers' renown or glory, they feel as if they could pierce through the whole world. What teacher would even dream of holding them in subjection? They presume they can become great by reflection, and, carrying to school misplaced pride, they mind nothing else except their parents' character or celebrity, which too often leads them from the school-room to places of dissipation: of the noble pride which consists in transmitting unblemished the honorable name they received, there is none! As Confucius said, "not all men can be great, but all can be good;" and if we direct our attention to the "Old World," we shall find that it is an exception there, when a young man does not sustain spotless the reputation of his distinguished origin.

This is the proper place to mention those who reprimand Americans going to Europe "with the object of instructing themselves." I have often met with shameless pieces in reference to this subject. I shall, however, only quote the conclusion of an article which fell into my hands while writing—I say I shall refer to the conclusion alone, as the whole piece is a matter that would hardly be digested by any body.

"The time," says the article, "is fast approaching when the central point of this world's doings will settle itself in the United States, and the present order of things be so

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changed, that instead of receiving impressions from abroad, the tide of influence or effluence will be rolled back upon Europe, and the course of events in the Eastern hemisphere be controlled by the emanating power diffused from the mighty workings of intellect in this abode of moral, social and *political* virtues."

I am well aware that these are not the general notions of the Americans, there being many amongst them who denounce misconstructions of the kind; yet they do not fail making a wrong and fatal impression upon young minds especially.

To induce people more plausibly to suppose that they have just the same means and advantages here as in Europe, they will misname every thing; the most ridiculous parodies being thus exhibited to the calm observer with their *muscums, academies of fine arts,* and *literary* or *scientific associations.* Even the backwoodsmen are not exempt from presumption on this head; Phydias, Apelles, Raphael, Canova, and others would almost blush for their works, if they were to open their eyes, and peep at the productions of American artists, as they are described (on the puff-system) by the prints of this country; yet, as regards the fine arts, *they have neither schools nor models to study,* which accounts for the deviation from all rules, and the offensive faults exhibited in all their most important and costly edifices.

It is a common saying that "Rome was not built in one day." The United States did in a short time much more than they wanted to astonish the present and future generations—true! Let not the Americans, however, confound what has been done with what remains to do. How many mighty geniuses appeared on the stage of Europe—from Pliny down to La Place—all pouring streams of light and learning through different generations, all contributing with their talents to enrich the domain of letters or sciences! Notwithstanding that, look at people there, how eagerly and incessantly they work to clear the dark and thorny path of knowledge. Can now the presumption that "enough was done" become the Americans? Look back at the Romans. They were the rulers of the whole world; yet they did not disdain travelling through Greece in search of learning, as the Greeks themselves had previously done by resorting, though powerful, to the schools of Egypt. I do not believe there has ever been a *really* great scientific or literary man, from any country, who did not travel or look abroad with the express purpose of getting information.

The true lover of this country is not he who says, "We

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are great; what do we want more? What have we to expect from the old Continent?" Such a fool might be compared with certain parents, who, prompted by a blind fondness for their children, will give them to understand while in the midst of their studies, that they are arks of science and wisdom. Such parents barricade the way of learning to their children, just the same as those who spread the false notions to which I have made allusion, check the progress of their country.*

It is time to close my subject. What reflects honor and credit upon the United States is their common-school system. It labours, of course, under the same difficulties as the whole machinery; but if, for want of good teachers, they do not obtain the contemplated results, their intention, efforts and sacrifices are highly commendable.

The Mexicans evince not even the least desire of having the mass of the people instructed and enlighted.

CHAPTER IV.

Duelling, races, and fires in Mexico—Conflagrations in the United States—The Mexican army, as it was and is—The Mexican Museum—Lynch-law in reference to Gen. Santa Anna—Course of the American press towards Mexico—The expulsion of the French—Execution of Gen. Mejia—Antiquities of Mexico—Foreigners in the United States and Mexico—Speculations on American credulity—Two cases of professional imposition in Mexico.

Duelling is but little known in Mexico. They have no races in that country.†

* I saw an American Atlas in which the United States and England are put down as the only enlightened countries in the world. Poor France, Italy, Germany, with Switzerland and others, must be thankful for being marked as civilized but not enlightened. So far is carried, by some, the spirit of a mistaken national self-conceit! I know a person, one of those who are waiting to see the "effluence of the United States upon Europe," who caused a young Italian to be sent from Tuscany, where he could get his education at some of the old and substantial universities, to Cincinnati, to be educated there. Europe has a population of from fifteen to sixteen to one in the United States; however, such blind people hardly suspect, I believe, that each European has more or less expanded brains, or at least the place, as the writer of the afore-mentioned piece and the person above spoken of have, where the brains generally lodge.

† The first time I saw races advertised in the United States, I

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Conflagrations, that dreadful cause of ruin to many persons here, and of heavy losses to the whole country, are equally unknown to the Mexicans. There are no insurance companies in that republic; and I do not know whether it would not be better for the United States also to have none.

In Europe such companies are a safeguard to the poor, who sleep quietly; for if any accident happen, and a house (the only means upon which they and their families live) be burnt, they will not be reduced to mendicity. The contract between insurers and insured is founded, there, upon casualty or eventual calamities. The premium for insurance rates in Italy and France from twenty-five to fifty cents *for one thousand dollars* a year, and yet the insurers make good dividends. In the United States it ranges between one and one and a half per cent., that is to say, from ten to fifteen dollars—a mighty difference!

If New York, Philadelphia, and all other cities in the Union were built on the top of Etna or Hecla, the daily conflagrations which take place here and there could scarcely be explained, if it were not generally known that houses or stores are often purposely set on fire to "make a good business," out of the contract of insurance. The property of others, the lives of many individuals may be trifled with; but what do such unprincipled men care about the whole creation? It has frequently been the case that whole cities were consumed by fire. Charleston and Mobile will tell the sad tale. One has only to read the various statements yearly published through the papers, to see the fearful losses of millions and millions yearly caused by that destructive element—*pure losses*, as the French would say, whereby none gain but those who recover forty or fifty per cent. on the insured amount of the destroyed property.

Such contracts in the United States appear to me fraudulent on both sides. The insured settles a nominative value on his property, which is often four, six, or ten times as much as its real value. The insurers acquiesce, because it is taken for granted, that in case of any accident, they come to an arrangement and pay out but half or less than a half of

could not understand some severe articles against them which appeared in the papers. I was accustomed to see races on the Continent of Europe, and especially in my native country, where forty or fifty thousand people collect in an amphitheatre, and amuse themselves merely by watching which footman, horse, or chariot leaves the others behind. I was, nevertheless, soon informed of their being here places of resort for black-legs and other scamps who rush from all quarters to the races.

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the agreed amount; by this way, or in consequence of compromising the insured value, the premium of ten or fifteen dollars rises to twenty or thirty, and even more; please now to compare twenty-five or fifty *cents* with twenty or thirty *dollars*.

I say again, the insurers enhance such diabolical speculations. The dividends of the companies that do not blow up, are so much blood sucked from the country, while the daily occurrence of similar disasters casts a stain upon the national character.

In Europe, or in Mexico, they are surprised at hearing of a fire; in the principal cities of the United States they are so, when they have *no* fire for some two or three days; and here I must mention, that large and costly buildings, such as churches, hotels, or theatres are chiefly exposed to the rage of incendiaries, who repeat their attempts, until they succeed in reducing them to ashes.

It is a wonder, that the matter is not seriously looked into by the Legislatures of the different States, or by Congress itself. They ought to be inexorable against such ruffians; who strike at once at the subsistence and life of their fellow-beings. In France, and other countries of Europe, incendiaries are liable to the same exemplary punishment as regicides and parricides.

No charter, I should say, ought to be granted to insurance associations, but on certain conditions; amongst which there should be that, of having the property valued, and allow them to insure but half of its real amount; then by striking, without any mercy, at the criminals, the country would be freed from so many fatal and disgracing conflagrations.

To Mexico again! by degrees I got accustomed to the faces of the Indians, and the soldiery appeared to me much better than that I had seen before, though their poor uniforms attest the little attention, if not inability, of the government; who is constantly in arrears with the army, as well as with the civil officers. Except in case of their being so situated as to be able to pay themselves out of the treasury money, or of being *feared as dangerous*—how far weakness goes!—they all receive but one third of their salary.

Gen. Filisola assured me that they had, under the Spanish government a splendid army, above all, a cavalry which could cope with the best in Europe. The Spaniards enlisted only white men, but now as corruption, that Briarean monster of Mexico, must have a hand in every thing, the whites always escape military service, which is thus carried on by the In-

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dians; an abuse which is against all policy, and of which the Mexicans may one day repent.

The belief generally credited abroad, that their soldiers are good for nothing is erroneous, and I have this assertion from a disinterested source, a stranger who was an eye witness of the battle of Acajete. The Mexicans fight bravely, are sober, and can endure all hardships and privations.—They are in this respect, like some tribes in the United States. I heard it affirmed by many foreign officers in the Mexican service, that not a single groan is heard in a field covered with wounded and dying.

I shall give place here to a fact, for which I am indebted to an Italian surgeon. He performed one of the most painful operations upon an Indian. There being no other person in the room but the Indian's wife, the operator remarked he wanted some assistant to keep the patient quiet—"why doctor," said the patient, "you need not be afraid of any thing, I am a man"—in the mean time he lighted a cigar and began smoking; in the midst of the operation, the sufferer made a slight contortion, whereby his cigar fell from his mouth—"be a man," said his wife, and picking up the cigar she handed it to the sufferer, who, without betraying the least symptom of weakness, endured the most excruciating pains until the operation was over.

To make out of such men good soldiers, it seems to me, must not be difficult. The evil lies in the officers, who for want either of instruction, or of character, cannot inspire their soldiers with that confidence which is one half in the issue of a combat. To have a good and disciplined army, the Mexican ranks want to be cleared of the dregs.

I was exceedingly delighted in visiting the Mexican museum. It contains some relics of the dark ages, although, on account of the prevalent (how many times am I compelled to put down,) corruption, reduced to a few. A regular and clandestine pillage has deprived it of many valuable pieces. I almost blush for a person who, having in his possession some objects belonging to it, carelessly complained, that he could not any longer "get curiosities" from the museum—the way people obtained them formerly, was by making a bargain with the guards, or the very men who were paid to watch, that nothing could be spoiled or stolen. The valuable map of *Tenochtitlan*, or the ancient city of Mexico, had found its way to England. One Mr. Bullock sent it there; but it was returned, and it bears the mark of the British museum.

The person who is, at this time intrusted with that, though

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impaired, yet always precious deposit, will answer public confidence.

The aforesaid map is a present which Montezuma made to Cortes. The priests tore away the part where the temple was represented; the rest is yet to be seen, and shows how the city was divided into four quarters, each having its tutelar god. There is in the centre a blank; the sanctuary of *Huitzilopochtli*, or the Mars of the ancient Mexicans was there. Streets, canals, causeways and ditches are traced down, with the squares divided into districts, each of which is made distinct by a head; there being in the midst of every square a large head indicating the man who had the superintendence of it. The portrait of that oracle of science and truth—Humboldt, is amongst the ornaments of the museum.

There are a few paintings from amongst those which were miraculously snatched from the pile. Some of them show the hard journeying of the *Aztecas*, the same tribe, which, persecuted by hostile hordes, thought of sheltering themselves and taking refuge in the bushes of the lakes; built there, in the midst of the waters, a new Venice. The mountains and rivers which they crossed in their emigration are put down, as well as the different combats they had to sustain; when bloody, by a red streamlet; when of small account, by red stains.

Those ancient tribes had their genealogical trees or maps, pointing out their forefathers, and whenever there happened to be amongst them any great man, a house was painted at his side, as a mark of distinction.

The different cities and families of noble origin had, in those remote times, their own symbols and arms.

Some old manuscripts also escaped destruction, and prove highly interesting. They had characters moulded in clay, and they used the juice of a certain grass as ink.—Amongst the curiosities of Palenque, which were drawn and engraved by some French and English amateurs, all kinds of figures are to be seen in beautiful bas reliefs. Some pieces from the same ancient place exist in the museum, and inscriptions too, not hieroglyphics, but letters.

All the maps and manuscripts or books to which I have alluded, are made with a paste of *maguey;* so that, whilst we had parchments, the aborigines of that country had a rough, thick and unequal paper—they, at any rate, used moulded characters before we did.

Splendid marble vases are to be seen there: they look like the Italian alabaster works. Though not equal in workmanship, they can however be considered superior, consider-

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ing the much harder substance, and consequently much greater difficulty in working them. Some of the same vases are presumed to have served in gathering the blood of the human victims of idolatry. A very heavy instrument of stone is shown, in the form of a horse-shoe, with its two poles protracted; which, it is thought, was put on the neck of the stretched and panting victim, to prevent his raising the head and disturbing the sacerdotal performance.

One sees there, beautiful specimens of workmanship in feathers, wax and rags, which nowhere else are, even at the present time, so exquisitely executed as by the Indians in Mexico.

People know not now, how to work, as the ancient Mexicans did, the *serpentaria* and other hard volcanic stones.—Their tools were chiefly of coral. Having plenty of gold, they did not even dream of the existence of another metal, greatly inferior in value, wherewith their gold was to be obtained. In Palenque and other parts copper was used.—Some hatchets and other instruments are in the museum.

How the aborigines of Mexico wrought gold and silver, is known by any one, familiar with the authors who have written upon that country. All Europe admired the pieces sent by Cortes to the court of Spain; no silversmith in Italy or Spain could even imitate them. How they wrought copper is well demonstrated by Diaz del Castillo one of the conquerors of Mexico.

He had gone to those coasts with Don Francisco Hernandez, who sailed in 1517 from Ajaruco, now Havanna, and first discovered the Mexican shores. He was with Don Juan de Grijalva, who made for the same land next year; and accompanied the third armament sent by Don Diego Velasquez, the governor of the island of Cuba, on the 10th of February 1519, under the command of Cortes.

When the above-mentioned conqueror was with de Grijalva at Guaçualco, the Indians carried small hatchets of copper so bright, that the Spaniards supposing them to be of gold, eagerly purchased them and collected about 600. On their return to Ajaruco the hatchets were essayed, and the mistake caused a great deal of laughing.

The Mexicans polished their marble so well as to make it answer the purpose of looking-glasses. Their splendid marble cups, the masks they put in the hands of the dead, so that they could use them in crossing the *river of eternity*, their bells, their penates, their clay portraits, rings, drums, and other musical instruments, amongst which the *toponaztli* is prominent, their flinty swords and lances, their arrows whose

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points were poisoned with a vegetable substance, then covered with a sheath to prevent evaporation, their shields, and finally their dead bodies preserved by an art of embalming which they had in common with the Egyptians—all jointly with their astronomical notions, which are made evident by their calendar, and with other memorials of their knowledge and refinements, show a great nation, of which it is very painful, we are left to know so little.

Their human sacrifices form a bloody page of their history; but has not the history of Christianity had the same bloody eras? have not lawless, blood-thirsty Christians, frequently in the very name of the Lord of clemency slaughtered millions of millions of the aborigines of America; mostly to rob them; often, merely because they were not Christians; sometimes for amusement; and in many instances without being able to say why they murdered the poor defenceless Indians?—alas! religion has been used too often by all nations and in all ages as a cloak, to cover the darkest designs and transactions.

We may believe, that because we call ourselves "Christians" we are welcome to God, just as we please; God however, alone knows, who are better entitled to his mercy; whether those who profess His doctrine or the savages; the sons of the desert, upon whom, in his inscrutible will, he was not pleased to spread light. God alone knows whether more blood was shed to gratify *Huitzilopochtly* or under His banners, and under the specious pretence of *serving His cause.*

Let us go on with the modern Mexicans.

Lynch-laws and *mobocracy* have not yet been imported there from their neighbors. They are aware of the indelible and cruel infractions of the laws which often take place in the United States, and boast of not having imputations of the kind resting upon them. What they sincerely regret is, that the benefit of lynching was *not fully* extended to Gen. Santa Anna, at the time he was travelling on parole through the United States. A Mexican made the following remark to me—"the Americans did not kill him, because they knew it would have been a great service done to our country."

The Mexicans used also to say that well could they pay $600,000 to the French to have Santa Anna, the curse of his country, one of the principal causes of its low wretched condition, disabled, as they told me he is now. In referring to the political circumstances of Mexico I shall speak of him.

I said, at the beginning of this work, that the American prints ill-treat Mexico, and every thing which is Mexican.—

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The fountain-head of such improper assaults, as well as of the most ludicrous and inconsistent pieces of news about that country, I said to be the New-Orleans papers. Mainly on account of their having warmly espoused the cause of Texas, as also for their being actually interested in the welfare of that new sister-republic, they rave against Mexico; and had their reports proved even only by half true, that poor republic would be now infinitely below the most imaginably barbarous and savage condition of the human race.

The New-Orleans editors have *correspondents*, who, having hardly landed, invariably burn with impatience of returning; whilst they write iniquities about the country. Such correspondents will always speak of many places taken by the Federalists; the news, they will say, is official and has been received by the authorities; but they keep it concealed. When such correspondents fail them, they are never at a loss for substitutes; then it happens, that they have the *opportunity* of conversing with a passenger, or a captain recently arrived from some Mexican port, who *candidly* assured them that Matamoras, Tampico and Tabasco have been taken by storm; that the ferment of the Mexicans is at the highest pitch; that they long to restore the constitution of 1824; that the Federalists are everywhere triumphant; that the priestly dominion is agonizing; that the French are more and more hated; that fifty or a hundred Americans have been put into chains; that Bustamente is about resigning, &c. &c. &c.

Such are the upside-down accounts given about Mexico, that I was asked even by some men of the highest standing in the United States—who is now the president of that Republic? nor can we attribute it to a want of interest on the part of the Americans in reference to that country; for they have as much interest, if not more, for Mexico than for any other country.

It is unnecessary for me to say, whence arises the American sympathy towards the Federalists; as it is well known that, acknowledging themselves incapable of carrying their point, they have applied for assistance to the natural foes of their country—the Texians; making of their causes a single one, whereby the independence of Texas would be admitted.

Shall I now add that the written or verbal communications whereof I have just spoken find their way into all American papers, while others, intended to extenuate the prejudices in existence against that country, do not? I recollect a letter from an officer on board the man-of-war that transported to Vera Cruz Mr. Ellis, the present minister of the

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United States to Mexico; it gave an account of the reception they met with, and was calculated to appease the bad feelings which prevail amongst his countrymen towards Mexico. It was copied, I believe, by only two or three American papers.

As a matter of fact, I shall pause to relate my evidences concerning two events about which the American press made a thundering noise; one is the expulsion of the French after the surrender of Ulua to Admiral Baudin; the other, the execution of Gen. Mejia.

It is an impression received in the United States, and elsewhere, that the French, when the expulsion-bill was passed, were placed at the mercy of an exasperated *canaille*, and exposed to every kind of vexation. According to the same reports, without thinking of their property, their very life was constantly in danger; now listen to me! I did not look for information on this head from Mexicans, but from Frenchmen; so that, what I say may be considered as if it came from an impartial French pen.

The decree of expulsion was the conception of excited minds. It was scarcely issued, before its very authors had, if not repented, at least determined not to enforce it.

The French, by that *élan* which is a prominent character among them, began saying, "let us go;" and all would go. As they mostly had a trade, many of them hastily sold their goods, packed up their money or valuables, and away they went. Others, somewhat cooler, thought of trying if they could remain, by professing to be Swiss, Belgians, or any thing else; and, applying to the consuls of different powers, found the protection they wanted, and remained; others at last did not even resort to any momentary transfiguration, and were unmolested: I know myself at least a dozen of the last.

Neither in the city of Mexico nor in the provinces did the government take any step to drive off the French; nor did the people act unbecomingly against them; with, however, as far as I know, the exception of a Frenchman and an Italian (who was mistaken for a Frenchman) in Vera Cruz, or close by the theatre of action, whose stores were sacked by the *bachinangos*, or people from the adjacent country.

Some of the French who left that republic were actuated by a pure national enthusiasm; others went away, being very glad to seize so good an opportunity of *settling their accounts;* others, in fine, imagined that they could make a good business out of the expulsion, anticipating the pleasure they would have when their "bills of damages" should be

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paid by the Mexican government. I heard of one belonging to both the last two categories, who, having in his store a few pairs of shoes, planned a bill to the amount of a round fifty thousand dollars.

For the rest, men are capable of such extravagancies, that I should not be surprised, if a number of French emigrants should be mustered, who left Mexico not knowing themselves why. I shall notice an instance of eccentricity, which I had some difficulty in crediting, but found out to be true.

A physician, (I believe from Switzerland,) a gentleman highly esteemed, and who had an extensive practice in the city of Mexico, at the time to which I allude, thought of being a Frenchman, and as such he emigrated, giving up the whole concern. Was it not a fancy? He was hourly expected back from Europe when I left Mexico.

To add now the last and capital proof that the Mexicans are not the "Bedouins" they are thought to be in the United States, all the Frenchmen who left the Republic of Mexico, with the exception of a very few, went back, with an addition of three or four hundred fresh men, who of course could not have been much frightened by the accounts of their expelled and wandering countrymen.

The number of the Frenchmen in the capital before the expulsion, was thought to be from nine hundred to one thousand; whilst it is reckoned now from twelve hundred to thirteen hundred. Some must have been obliged by circumstances to go back, I know; but, if Mexico were such an *abominable* country, as by some reported to be, many would undoubtedly have steered for some other point of the compass.

"Peace to the dead." I intend to speak in due time of Gen. Mejia; here, I shall only refer to his end.

The American papers proclaimed to the whole world, that Gen. Mejia was executed in less than an hour after he had been taken prisoner, and in the most barbarous way: they said that, as the Mexicans intimated they would shoot him in his back, and he would not assent to it, he was struck to death with the breeches of their guns; the conclusion of such reports was, that he had not been allowed a priest, to settle his spiritual concerns.

I happened to travel and visit the place where the remains of Gen. Mejia lie, in company with Col. Torrejon, the same who commanded the cavalry and fixed the events of the battle of Acajete, although the honor of the triumph devolved upon the general commanding. Col. Torrejon is a gallant officer and a perfect gentleman. He related to me

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the whole affair, and his account coincided with what I had heard from the eye-witness to whom I alluded before.

Gen. Mejia, at the head of but fifteen hundred men, fought bravely against more than double that number. He so severely flogged the government troops that, but for the re-inforcement of cavalry, which the latter received from Puebla, Mejia would have marched to the capital.

At the moment in which there was no longer any hope of success, Gen. Mejia took the disguise of a peasant, to make his escape; but he was overtaken, recognised, and brought a prisoner to the conqueror. As soon as he was in the hands of the enemy, he said, he knew the fate which awaited him. "Had I Gen. Santa Anna in my power," said he, "I would shoot him instantly; I am, therefore, reconciled to my destiny, and only wait to be shot."

After a summary trial, Mejia was condemned to death. A priest was sent for, and the prisoner made his preparation for the fatal voyage. He had upon him a belt full of doubloons, and a valuable watch. With the exception of a few doubloons to be divided amongst the soldiers who were to shoot him, the whole was bequeathed to the minister. They shot him about three hours after he had been captured, in the same way as such deeds are performed by all nations. Gen. Mejia died as a brave man and a Christian.

The above statements were, moreover, corroborated by a corporal and two dragoons of Puebla, who escorted me from Nopaluca to Tepeyagualco, and having been in the affair of Acajeta were, with the whole army, witnesses of the whole proceeding.

I have now before me a New Orleans paper, stating that Gen. Arista caused Col. Zapata to be beheaded, and his head to be sent to his native village; in consequence of which, says the paper, so many *rancheros* or farmers have raised the standard of revolt, &c. Though I am not personally acquainted with Gen. Arista, I fully believe it is a *benevolent* appendage to the compliments which are systematically paid to the unfortunate Mexicans: and I should not be astonished if we were by-and-by to hear that the Centralists have roasted a fat Federalist, and divided him among the staff.

According to an article which lately appeared in one of the leading Eastern papers, and was copied by many others, that American rage is not confined to the modern Mexicans alone, but embraces the ancient Mexicans too. The said paper notices the excursions of Mr. Stephens, a gentleman who made himself known by an excellent work on the East,

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and who, being now a *chargé d'affaires* to Central America, travels on scientific pursuits.* The same paper, alluding to the temples, obelisks, pyramids and other monuments of former ages, says, "It is absurd to cherish the belief that the *original* Mexicans were the architects of those splendid edifices, &c. Not even the ashes of the ancient Mexicans are to be left undisturbed. Let the editor of that paper say what he pleases, the history of the Aztecas or Mexicans is well known, from Acamapitzin to Montezuma, the ninth Mexican king; as are known that of the Toltecas, from their king Chalchiutlanetzin, who reigned in the year 667 of the Christian era, down to Topiltzin, who reigned in 1031 —and that of the Chechemecas and other tribes, who certainly built by themselves, their cities, temples, &c.

The foundation of the city of Mexico happened in the year 1325. Who, then, must have erected their temples? Is it not well established, that the Aztecas or Mexicans built Tenochtitlan on the Lakes?

The same editor makes gross mistakes also, in reference to the objects of antiquity found by that scientific traveller in his excursions from Guatemala to some inland Mexican places. "The French and other European governments," says he, "will send *savans* to explore those countries; the yatchs of the wealthy will soon be directed towards the Gulf of Mexico; and we rejoice that to the United States will be ascribed the merit of *setting on foot* these discoveries."

I have too high an opinion of Mr. Stephens, to entertain any doubt that he may throw light on the antiquities of Mexico. His investigations will prove very interesting and useful; but, as to setting discoveries on foot in that quarter, the afore-mentioned editor could hardly say so, if he had written in 1740 instead of 1840. As to Europe sending *savans* there, they were sent by Spain, Italy, France, Germany and England, when the editor's grandfather was perhaps a printer's apprentice.

I am now going to take in hand another subject—the treatment of foreigners in the United States and Mexico.

We must not forget that it is almost by instinct that foreigners complain of the land where they are compelled to look for hospitality; although it may be, in all respects, far superior to the country where nature made its first display before them. As every one knows the love of our native region makes us notice, when we are abroad, the contrast with our primitive manners and habits. As soon as we find ourselves placed amidst new people, we sigh at recollecting

* Mr. Stephens has returned.

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our dear relations and friends whom we left behind. Who that has a heart and does not, now and then, on reviewing the past, shed a tear? Even when we meet with civilities, we cannot forbear complaining, we feel yet a vacuum in our heart; we look in vain for that touching sensibility which charms and fills our soul; we feel oppressed, our heart sinks. It is, however, an inborn weakness which acts upon, and in spite of us. We are not reasonable enough to reflect that such links of the social chain, as those to which we are accustomed when at home, are not the work of a moment, but of years and years.

Nothing is more common than to hear complaints from foreigners against the people of the United States, and *vice versa;* there are causes for it, which want to be studied, to efface some prejudices that are only intended to create mutual dissatisfaction.

As almost all immigrants land in New-York, it ought to be understood and duly appreciated that just on account of pouring there, as they do *en masse*—except in cases of high reputation, talents, or titles, which find their way even into the hearts of that busy community—foreigners cannot expect to command much attention. Were the people of New-York to take special notice of the Europeans who, almost daily, present themselves with introductions, their brokers' or merchants' offices would soon be converted into agencies for aliens. Here is, then, a wrong notion in complaining, as foreigners generally do, of the first reception they meet with. Let them only think how they would be received by men in business in London or other commercial places in Europe, should they continually besiege them.

The first, or perhaps only step of a foreigner landing in New-York, or any of the Eastern cities, should be to get introductions for the interior; as through them alone he will be able to show at any time what he is; he will not fail meeting with a warmer reception and all marks of kindness the farther inland he goes.

In the same way that the frequent happening of an event first lessens, and finally destroys all its illusion and interest, a foreigner will be welcome where the arrival of aliens is not an hourly occurrence, and consequently not a matter of vexation. We read wonders about the hospitality of the ancients towards strangers; let us, however, be persuaded that it proceeded entirely from the rare instance of seeing foreigners. One could, even now-a-days, experience the same treatment were one to travel through certain islands of Europe, where the blaze of civilization has scarcely shone,

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one would meet with a rude, but hearty hospitality; which, although strange to the refinements of the populous cities, eclipses their pomp and ostentation.

An error much prevalent among foreigners is to presume that immigration is looked upon with regret and even contempt by the Americans. To require from all persons the same sentiments and views would certainly be absurd; it must, nevertheless, be taken for granted that there exists too much common sense among the Americans not to remember that immigration alone made the country what it is; and I shall add, that centuries will pass, ere the Americans may be allowed to look with jealousy at the European emigrants.

Is there any country where a foreigner sooner feels as if he were at home than in the United States? I say without hesitation—none. He is placed here, in the midst of a population where the word "foreigner" itself is almost a ridiculous appellation, considering the Americans, as they are, *transplanted beings;* where very few persons are to be found claiming an American origin farther back than two or three generations; where, finally, whole cities and states are quite new, and have hardly attained the common age of men.

There exists in some Americans an aversion to aliens, on the ground that they come to strengthen one or another of the political parties; yet such persons do not reflect that, since the laws of the country grant them such right, it is much more the fault of the laws themselves than those to whom such right is extended.

Now, I shall separate the immigration: the mass is composed of poor people, who come to the United States, either on their way to clear forests and make productive a soil, which, since the creation, waits for the hand of man; or to perform other heavy and not less useful works. He who understands political economy, and cherishes the welfare of his country, will know and say, that with such immigrants come riches under the guise of poverty; and he who does not understand figurative language has only to ponder what this country would be, were it not, as I said before, for immigration.

The other and comparatively small part of immigrants is made up of educated people, against whom complaints are frequently more bitter, because the Americans expect too much of them, and are but too often disappointed; whereupon, I beg leave to say, that this chiefly proceeds from a want of discrimination and judgment.

It is usually the case that foreigners come—nobody knows

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whence, or any thing else about them—their appearance, carriage, and manners, however, being gentlemanlike, Americans feel prone to admit them into their society; but after a while many of them betray themselves, and turn out to be impostors or something worse; then a cry of indignation arises, a cry which indistinctly includes all strangers; and should one inquire on what ground they put confidence in the *supposed* gentlemen, they would be quite at a loss to make any admissible reply.

Strangers may say what they please: I consider it as a fact that Americans are generally not only prone to associate with new comers, but place implicit confidence in them; and are too severe against the whole, when, by their own fault, they are deceived by some foreigner.

I shall now point out the snares in which Americans are mostly caught. This being a nation which but lately, after a glorious and honourable struggle, arose to freedom, every thing which is connected with military deeds or character, as well as with exaggerated principles of liberty, is too much calculated to dazzle and excite the people; hence the curious fact that scarcely one real or apparently well-born stranger is to be met with in the United States, who is not, at least, a major or colonel, and has not fought many battles, all (if the age makes it half-credible) at the side of Napoleon. Next come the *oppressed sons of liberty*, who have been driven from the shores of the old world by its many tyrants. Some of these *unhappy* patriots bear a most abominable resemblance to refugee convicts; whilst others, who could at any time have gotten a premium for moving off, whine about their kings and ministers being *afraid* of them.

Another means to which adventurers resort to win consideration, is to find out a *noble* extraction. Allow me to observe that there is far more servility towards every thing savouring of real or assumed aristocracy in this republican land than in Europe, whereby the sworn proscribers of titles are charmingly duped by counts and barons, who scour the country until they are lodged in some goal.

I will mention a fact which is necessary to illustrate how things stand in reference to the borrowed characters alluded to. Amongst the people more entitled to the sympathizing feelings of the Americans, there were and are the Poles—an unfortunate, but brave, heroic people. Some of them came from Prussia, England and France; the principal stock, however, if I am not mistaken, was sent to the United States by the Austrian government; they were about three hundred and fifty, out of whom only sixty or seventy were offi-

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cers, the others being common soldiers; now let me ask if any person has ever seen a Pole in the United States who was not an officer? But that is not all. There are many counterfeit Poles, who never saw Poland, and choose to be thought Poles to command public sensibility.

Let Americans be warned against such cheats; let them be under the impression that, except in cases where the matter is incontestibly obvious, the more a foreigner assumes a high character, the more they ought to be on their guard; and let them be convinced that, on account of the state of things in this country, when a stranger is really entitled to such claims, he will never bring them forth, provided a grain of common sense remains in him.

After having said all this, it must be also observed that even honest foreigners are, in many instances, in some degree blameable, in carelessly permitting impositions of the kind, whilst it would be very easy for them to unmask impostors.

I cannot close without speaking of a set of foreigners who make money by a misplaced public sympathy; and here I mean the bands of beggars who, with the most inconsistent stories, run about the country, and levy contributions on the Americans. This is a separate tribe of impostors, who by the documents they produce (which are always forged) might be called *patent* impostors.

As I was told such vagrant mendicants have of late years greatly increased. The deaf, dumb, halt, blind and paralytic, in spite of all their infirmities, scale the Alleghanies or breast the father of rivers, and *debouche* chiefly on the plains of the "Great Valley." In old times, they had mostly to raise money for the purchase of their friends who were in captivity amongst the Algerines. After them appeared the earthquake gentry, whose possessions had been buried five fathoms deep in the burning lava; and finally came the people, whose earthly substance old Neptune had swallowed up, all they saved being brine enough for an ocean of tears.

These chronicles have partly worn out. The land is overrun now with victims of European despotism. Their certificates tell of the marvellous sacrifices they made for opinion's sake, and challenge American sensibility to fill the pockets which have been rifled by the *tyrant's rapacity.*

Many people are deluded by these miserables into what they conceive to be "benevolent acts." A patriot will die before his spirit stoops to beg; and it is really surprising, how in a country where industry is the overruling principle, such impostors are not forcibly sent to work, since they evince a natural dislike to work for their bread. The mo-

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ney which is given to them could be much better employed than in feeding idleness.

I shall close with drawing a parallel between Europeans in the United States and the Americans in Europe, where, some say, they meet with a warmer reception. I believe so too; let us not forget, however, the enormous discrepancy which exists in number as well as in circumstances. For one American going to Europe there are five hundred or a thousand Europeans coming here; that is not all, Europeans come here to make, Americans go there to spend, money. Should Americans flock to Europe as money-makers, I do not know whether they would be received at all.

What I have vouched in favor of the United States cannot be said of Mexico. After having noticed the simple and hearty hospitality I met with on my way from Tampico to the capital, I must remark that, in my subsequent journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz, I saw just the reverse of the medal; or rudeness and tricks.

It will not be perhaps amiss to add here, that the first is a road, where but few travellers are occasionally to be seen; while there is, on the other, a daily passage of foreigners, who, as it very often happens in America, are not of the best *caste:* the contrast may then, somehow proceed from the travellers themselves; but when we descend to analyze the manner in which foreigners are looked upon in the cities (I speak here of Mexico and Puebla) where civilization has improved the manners; and we see that foreigners are in general disliked or even hated; in such case I say the whole nation is arraigned to plead, and shake off the imputation.

I belong to a country, whose people are privileged by the Mexicans. I do not know, if it is from a sense of gratitude to some Italians like a Carochi, a Lorenzani, a Gemelli, and a Botturini, who devoted a part of their life to investigate on the spot Mexican antiquities, and contributed with their works to clear the horizon of their olden times; or whether it comes from the affection they profess to an Italian, who has faithfully, and through all vicissitudes, served that country (Gen. Filisola)—or finally, whether it is out of respect, which they would now be alone professing to the descendants of "old Rome;" but it is an undeniable fact, that they either like, or do not dislike Italians, whilst all other foreigners are openly disregarded.

The Mexicans do not like the Spaniards, because they were once their masters—the French, because of their monopolizing the retail trade in the city of Mexico, though, by their having reduced to one, the same imported articles

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which were sold before at three or four, the country has lost nothing—the Americans, for the causes which are well known—the English, because they work their mines—all foreigners, in fine, for they control every branch of commerce and industry; or in other words, they keep up the sinking vitality of their country; since, if the Mexicans had energy and spirit of enterprise, they could very easily discourage or get rid of such intruders.

Only a few years ago, a foreigner in Puebla and other Mexican places, was often insulted even in the streets, merely for his being a stranger; so much influence has the thinking part of the population upon the lower classes. The progress of the country, however, and in some degree the *Baudinade*, or the taking of Ulua by admiral Baudin, brought them to better senses.

After having thus related how foreigners are treated in Mexico, I must press harder upon the Mexicans, on the consideration that they possess a comparatively much better foreign society, taking it *en masse*, than the United States.

I need not say that Mexico is almost free of the vagabonds or impostors, who scour to and fro this country. It would really, be too hard to make dupes there; however, two pseudo-friars of the celebrated convent of St. Bernard (Alps) who, pretending to be on a mission to collect money for the *distressed* convent, had cheated the president of the United States himself, and most of the leading men of the union, went on the same errand to the city of Mexico. They took their lodgings in the sumptuous convent of St. Francis, and had just begun awakening the sympathy of the believers, in favor of the well known hermitage, when they were detected as profane missionaries. One of them made his escape—the other was never heard of, and some suspicion is still abroad, that "all was not right about him."

One who would trace the many witty and differently shaped cases of the kind as they occur in the United States, would highly amuse his readers.

I am sorry to say, most, if not all patent impostors, are countrymen of Columbus, chiefly from the province of Genoa, whom we call *cadenoni*, and for whom there are established offices, I was told, in New-York, Baltimore, New-Orleans, and either Louisville or Cincinnati, at which they obtain their *certificates*.

Some of them in former times, pushed their impudence so far as to assume respectable names of well known Italian refugees, and made plenty of money. One of them fell from a horse, a few years ago, in the neighborhood of Frankfort,

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Kentucky, on whom a sum of $3000 was found, which no one ever claimed. Another built at Baltimore a schooner, and went home with a little cargo. I quote here facts; such is however the carelessness of the Americans, that they will never cease encouraging these impostors, even after having been made aware of them.

It must be taken for granted that *never* did a refugee from my country beg in the United States. Their number may range now, from twenty to thirty, and they are all pursuing some business, all very much respected by the people amongst whom they reside—one of them, Mr. Tinelli, has been of late appointed American consul in Oporto. All Italian refugees, moreover, are, because they choose to be, here; for they can go home at any time, after the amnesty which was granted by the Austrian and other governments, from which are only excluded *active* conspirators, or characters which would and could have nothing to do in the United States.

With the hope that they may not prove contagious to American doctors, I shall relate two cases of professional imposition "on a large scale," which happened of late in the city of Mexico.

One of them refers to an Italian doctor, who assisted a wealthy and highly respectable Englishman: his case was almost desperate; but thanks to a careful and proper treatment, the physician said, "he saved him."—I do not however, admit of a doctor *saving* a patient, unless he authorizes me, in case of another patient's death, to suppose that he has *killed* him—I say, then, the Englishman recovered, and the doctor's bill for his professional services, amounted to two hundred doubloons, or three thousand two hundred dollars! The Englishman, though a generous man, could not digest the doctor's last prescription and was sued; but the doctor was allowed only one dollar a visit for forty-two or forty-three visits.

The other case was before the court when I left the capital. A French physician had attended on an old Marchioness, *who died*. He claimed ten thousand dollars for his medical attendance. Should he gain the suit, it would be an inducement for any one to become a doctor on the American steam system. It would not, at all events, be very difficult to kill a patient, nor very unpleasant to pocket a small fortune; but jests apart, such provoking occurrences are not well calculated to change the natural dispositions of the Mexicans towards foreigners.

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CHAPTER V.

Arts in Mexico—Newspapers in that country and in the United States—Pamphlets—Religious papers—Prejudices and tolerance—The Catholic clergy in the United States—The Mexican clergy—Federalism *vs.* the clergy, or Generals Mejia, Urrea and Anaya—Abuses among that clergy, which demand reform—How the clergy of Mexico acted towards an American Catholic Bishop—Religious feelings of the Mexicans.

Arts in Mexico are far behind what they were in ancient times. *Fine* arts have not yet made their appearance on the Mexican horizon.

The newspapers published in Mexico are forty-six in number, besides some good periodical works. An American will laugh at hearing of so few papers, some of which are weekly or semi-weekly; but there, as it is in Europe, the editorial mania is a stranger. They have not an idea of the American papers, seven eighths of which are devoted to either new or decrepit and useless advertisements, including some of those which refer to "secret diseases;" unexceptionably, most shameless and indecent pieces of scandal, greatly contrasting with the American claims to "moral supremacy." Advertisements referring to pills, liniments, syrups and other universal remedies or quacks, always occupy a considerable space of the American papers, the balance of the sheet containing political items and most outrageous charges against the opposite party.

I am under the impression that American statements are not much to be relied upon; exaggeration being a great favourite among them; yet even if the Americans had above eleven thousand papers, as I saw once reported, they have not more than twenty good ones, and none equal to some of the English or French publications; while I allow that the diffusion even of so many poor papers, most of which are edited altogether with the scissors, is beneficial to the country for the information they convey on matters of fact which interest the whole nation.

For the rest, nothing on earth is more transitory than American papers. Every sun rising sees the appearance of some new born, which often do not breathe farther than midday; every sun-set tells the agony or decease of others, either young or old.

The violent and brutal way in which the papers rush against one another, principally in party matters, is again

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in opposition to the pretension of the Americans in point of excellency.

Every one can see, there is nothing sacred in their eyes. The American papers indiscriminately libel the principles, character and conduct of any man who is bound to the opposite faction. If but half of what the parties say through them, of each other, on the eve of an election were true, they would constantly send notorious scoundrels to the legislature of their States, to congress, or anywhere else.—It may be a convenient mode of *discussing* politics; it is however, repugnant to every well-thinking man; whilst it does not reflect any credit or honor either upon their public officers, or on the country.

When some local or private question arises, the papers lend some columns to the parties; but as soon as the question grows so hot, that the insertion of such communications would endanger empiricism, another expedient is resorted to by the combatants—that of pamphlets.

I witnessed a very warm contest between two medical institutions which existed in Cincinnati, viz: the Ohio Medical College, a State institution, and the Medical College of Cincinnati, a private and opposition one. The professers of the last quarrelled with the others, and finally declared, they would annihilate the State institution. Pamphlets were issued, in which the bitterest animosity was displayed. One of the professors of the opposition college particularly, had expressed himself that it was "a war of extermination waged against the other institution;" and, at the eve of the township election, which was to decide the point in question, he published a pamphlet whose title was "Extermination War," which the author himself handed to me. The title bespeaks the contents. The election, however, turned against him; the enemy was left master of the field; the Cincinnati Medical College fell.

What remains now for us to say of such prostitutors of science? I shall only make an allusion to the "old corrupted world," and assert that nowhere in Europe would the *exterminating warrior* have filled a chair again, as he fills it at this time close by the theatre of his late exploits, even if he had been a Galenus or a Hippocrates.

What looks, after all still worse, is to see the same course pursued in religious topics. Americans pretend to say that there is more religion in the United States than any where else; but they mistake sectarianism for religion. Can there be religion without charity? I believe not. Where is charity to be found? I cannot see it, indeed, where religion is

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marshalled into so many different congregations, exhibiting the features of as many factions, unmercifully abusing, defaming and tearing each other—brethren and sisters to-day, because they belong to the same congregations, they become enemies to-morrow because the wall of a new church separates them.

I do not quote fiction, but facts. Nothing is more common in the United States than to see an eminent man coming out and prevailing upon a part of his assembled "brethren," in reference to some slight alteration or different shade of faith. They become dissenters, separate, and form a new sect. The immediate result of these frequent occurrences being that of parcelling, and spreading acrimony among society.

Some, I have no doubt, will exclaim, behold the Catholic! I shall show, however, in referring to religion in Mexico, as well as to the Mexican clergy, that I am not moved by any keen feeling. Catholics are accused of being intolerant; yet there cannot be a grosser absurdity—say Catholics are indifferent in what concerns religion, and I shall grant it; but do not say intolerant. The lower classes are the most prejudiced in the Catholic world, and even they will grieve "that the door of heaven is not open to the Reformers;" but there is no hatred about them, it being now-a-days entirely a Protestant importation. I know places even in Italy, where there exist churches of different denominations; in Italy, I say, where resides the head of the "old established church;" of that church whereof all the reformed are but branches. There people will hear inquiries made about a new acquaintance, touching his character, not his religion. They will ask if he is a correct man, not whether he goes to church, or to what church he belongs. There every one takes care of his own conscience, and none go to church to win public opinion. There a Christian is always the same Christian, and a spirit of union, which is in accordance with the word of God, reigns. There a mother instructs her children in the duties of the Christian, all in the same, not each of them in a different belief. There none will ever think of changing his creed for the sake of bettering his circumstances. Here, how many professional men have I heard talking about joining another church, and how many have I seen actually embracing a different sect, to ingratiate themselves amongst their new "brethren," and thus increase their practice or patronage? Nor are Catholics in this country altogether free from the infection. I was told of a desertion which took place from their ranks in Louisville, Kentucky. At the fall elections, a candidate for

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I know not what public office, and a Catholic, presuming he had a better chance of success, made for the Presbyterian church; but—laugh if you please—he was beaten.

Such a man, as well as any Protestant, acting *vice versa*, on the same consideration, would be driven out from any circle in Italy, and all Europe. I have seen many Jews embrace the Catholic faith; but unless they are evidently *sincere* converts, they are openly despised both by their old and their new confraternity.

What do the admirers of "American tolerance" now say about certain characters who are unknown in the European countries, but very common here? I mean the persons who, for the sake of their support, are compelled either to deceive people about their religion, or to cover it with the veil of mystery. I know many such instances, but more particularly one in which a gentleman, successfully engaged in teaching in ———, is in disguise as regards his religion. He is a good teacher, and has a large school; but, God bless him, if his "patrons" were to find out that he is a Catholic! they would immediately take away their children from him. As a measure of self-defence, he was obliged to send his children far way, for fear that they might betray his secret. I do not know if the threatened destruction of a convent in Baltimore, which, last year, was solely prevented by the firmness of the mayor—the destruction of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, Massachusetts, which was not long ago razed to the ground by the charitable Puritans of Boston, or some other similar events, not excepting the late persecution of the Mormons, must be put to the account of the proclaimed religious tolerance of this country; but the most striking difference, as regards intolerance between the Catholics of this time, almost anywhere, and the American Protestants, is to be felt in the highest classes; for they are decidedly the most intolerant and the greatest bigots in this country, whilst among such classes in almost all the Catholic world, all ancient prejudices are blotted out.

Most certainly nothing will astonish my friends at home more than perceiving me engaged in religious subjects. I must confess I had, when there, no idea of the noise which is made here about religion: my notions on this head were plain and simple; I looked on all sects as being pretty much the same, all leading by different paths, which the restless ambition of men has opened, to the adoration of the same Principle of all created things. I was taught to appreciate an honest Turk as better than a faithless Catholic; to look, as I do, with respect upon pious people of every description or creed,

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and with contempt, as I likewise do, upon false, deceitful, hypocritical worshippers. Had it been possible, my thoughts would have become confused, and would have overwhelmed me since my residence in this "land of tolerance."

Going back now to the starting point, I shall allude to the newspapers which are edited by some *soi-disant* reverends of the many creeds, on pretended Christian arguments, or to vindicate the sect to which they belong. If any one expects to see theological theses and conclusions, he will be disappointed. What such papers chiefly contain, is denunciations against other sects; the Catholics have not to complain of a scanty share; some are purposely established to decry them.

I was giving a Spanish lesson to a young lady, on Josse's grammar, when, greatly to my astonishment, I found many words effaced, such as *skin*, *shirt*, and others; which, as I understood afterwards, were offensive to her chaste eyes. The lesson being over, I was talking with her, when she handed me a paper, called "The Protestant Herald," saying, as if unconcerned, "read it; there is something which will interest you;" and I have ample reason to suppose that a by-no-means chaste account or charge of concubinage, preferred by the reverend editor against a Catholic priest, was the subject alluded to; which was most probably a calumny; for would that through the whole Catholic world there were as good ministers as in the United States, where they are individually as much respected as their church is, by too many, looked upon with aversion. Not only are the Catholic priests in this country, with few exceptions, pious and exemplary in their conduct, but at the same time tolerant and unprejudiced as they ought always to be. Were it otherwise, there would not exist so many Catholic institutions "patronized and supported by the Protestants themselves, who frequent in a large majority even the Kentucky schools, in spite of so many vituperations directed against them by the barking paper of which I have just spoken.*

In one respect, there is much tolerance (if it is not unconcernedness) in the United States; that is, in letting their children profess what creed they choose; parents seldom interfere with them; wherefrom the case so often occurs of there being as many members of various churches as there are members of a family.

* The St. Joseph's College, as well as the Nazareth and Loreto Female Academies, are by far more numerously attended than any other institution in that State.

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To close the subject, if I were asked whether people frequent church more in the United States than in the European Catholic countries, I should be rather embarrassed to give any founded opinion; whilst I should not hesitate a moment remarking that if there exists any difference, it is accounted for by the fact, that here many go to church more for the sake of others than of themselves; at the same time that some attend mass or sermon there, but for himself and of his own impulse.

I perceive I have told many rude truths on this subject, and ladies especially will be angry against such a bold chronicler; however, I reserved for the last an allusion to them. I declare, then, that I look upon the American ladies (as ladies are on the whole globe), as the truest and more conscientious believers.

It comes now in turn for me to speak of the Mexican clergy, and the standing of religion in Mexico.

Since the emancipation of that country from the Spanish sway, the Mexican clergy have lost immense amounts of money and property. Right Rev. Dr. Posada, or the now acting archbishop of Mexico—a worthy prelate, who has not, however, the firmness and energy which are required to suppress very many abuses—has assured me, that the losses of the clergy from the above mentioned era may be calculated at one hundred millions of dollars. The archiepiscopal seat of Mexico had formerly an income of eighty thousand dollars, which is now reduced to thirty thousand, besides extras. There has never existed perhaps so rich a congregation as the Mexican clergy were in former times, since, after so many losses, they are still enormously rich.

It is said the Mexican clergy rule the country, and in some measure, it is true. From the emancipation of Mexico down to the present day, two powerful factions have incessantly struggled for supremacy, and one of them has always thirsted after the riches of the clergy. The doctrines disseminated by the French revolution were kept down, during the Spanish regime, by a well organized power; but, could not be totally controlled by the relaxed and tottering governments which succeeded it. Whenever a danger approached, either to sustain their natural protectors, or to bribe and soften their enemies, the priests were forced to surrender a part of their riches to save the whole; on which principle is the struggle going on, even at this time. The present government, between which and the clergy a contract has passed, supports the clergy; obtaining in return the support of their influence; and when circumstances urge,

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pecuniary assistance; yet, to the point they fear so much arriving at, they will, notwithstanding their efforts, be dragged, by an irresistible force—the progress, however slow, of minds and events.

How does Federalism now stand in reference to the clergy? They pretend to reform it; however, the moral features of their party are not such as to inspire with confidence—on the contrary, serious apprehensions ought to be entertained, that in case of success, the reforms of the Federalists would consist in laying hands on the property of the clergy, and nothing else.

On such a subject, I deem it unnecessary to disclaim partiality. I shall, therefore, speak without any restraint of the men who raised lately or now bear the revolutionary flag, to whom and the party they represent, I shall refer again in conversing upon the political situation of that unhappy country.

Gen. Mejia, of whose end I have spoken before, was one of those men whom the blind goddess takes by the hand, and leads to play characters, for which they are unfit and unprepared. In his youth, Mejia was a rope-dancer, and as such travelled through the United States. From that low condition he had jumped pretty high; but like most of the *parvenus*, he got intoxicated, and a throne would scarcely have arrested his ambitious steps. He had some talents, but many vices too. Suffice it to say, that, though married to an English lady, he was likely to have introduced into Mexico, had he been victorious, the fashion of the harems.

Gen. Urrea, the little he acted was done in the most tortuous and mischievous manner; the accusations of embezzlements and extortions with which he is publicly charged by many, speak, if true, of his character.

We come to Gen. Anaya; from the little I could judge of him, he would be the last man I should dream of as a leader of any revolution—never mind; let us proceed. At the time of their war against the mother country, he became a chief of the insurgents: afterwards he made his submission to the Spaniards, and served as a guide to a captain of grenadiers to surprise his former brothers in arms: during the whole contest, he played the part of a real Proteus. I derived this information from a source of undoubted veracity. At the end he followed the fortune of the Mexican government; was given the commission of General of division in the army; and was, of late, undeservedly struck from the roll. Gen. Anaya went through Texas, to New Orleans, to enrol

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foreigners and march with them against Mexico. The fact alone of having mingled with the professed enemies of his own country, shows what kind of a patriot he is; then, his indiscriminate appeal to mercenary foreigners completely disgraced him. Cursed be the traitor, who, to settle domestic broils, invokes foreign assistance! but a very striking contradiction is to be found between his late appeal and some precedent acts of his, which breathe the bitterest hatred against foreigners.

Are such men qualified to operate the innovation which the country and the church want?—no: it is not reformers who proceed by destruction that Mexico needs, but philosophical reformers. They need a Ganganelli, a Scipion da Ricei, a Joseph the second, or a Leopold of Tuscany; they need men of resolution and integrity, to raze the abuses with a spirit of justice and devotedness to the cause of God and society; not partisans, who, animated by the frenzy of covetousness or revenge, endeavor to dictate laws with the point of their swords.

Amidst the abuses referred to, the wealth of the clergy is the first. As a sage said, "virtue has not a greater enemy than wealth:" then the church of Christ needs nothing beyond what is compatible with dignity and propriety. The existence of so many rich congregations proves a curse to any country; as the administration of their estates is always defective, and yields but illicit profits to their managers. They do not support one half the people they ought to support; nor is the case applicable to Mexico alone; it has been practically proved, when the suppression of the convents took place in some parts of Europe. The same estates, from changing hands and falling under the direction of private owners, were in a few years, so much improved as to give double income. The clergy think of obtaining what they want to maintain their luxuries, without sharpening their minds at all, for bettering their revenues. These immense estates languishing thus idle in the hands of the clergy, instead of being improved by speculative and industrious people, do great injury to Mexico. In the capital and in Puebla, one cannot turn his eyes without hearing—this belongs to such a church, that to such a convent, and so on. The religious congregations own more than a half of the real estates in the two above cities, separately from what they own in the country.

The clergy must not be rich, I say it again, for they are men; and as all other men, subject to passions. Riches bring many vices in their train, and the vices of the clergy are subversive of public order.

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Practice corroborates the preceding axioms in the case of the Mexican priests. They are as far from the primitive manner of the church as from the times of Adam.

My readers will recollect, I pointed at priests attending gambling houses. I saw moreover friars in their full dress, publicly playing billiards in presence of crowds of people; and was half amused, half ashamed at their movements, rendered quite curious by their tunics. A sense of decency holds me back from parading the details of their worldly life; although, what is said in reference to unworthy ministers does not imply, with me at least, any disrespect towards what *cannot* be polluted. In noticing the Mexican regulars or seculars who act inconsistently with the sacred duties of their holy ministry, I intend to show them divested of their character, and do not hesitate saying, that they are the most corrupted members of the Mexican family; nor will my charge seem rash to those who may reflect that, bound as they are to foster virtue by their conduct, they assume, by the scandalous examples they set, a part of the criminality of others.

A hasty and radical reform alone, can revive religion there. There must be at the head a great reduction, if not total suppression, of the regular orders; then, the curtailing of all superfluities amongst the seculars.

Whether their wealth is adapted to good purposes, the following account will tell.

There is in the United States a Catholic bishop, who represents by himself the whole clergy of his church in the State where he resides. He is as poor as Job. He wants means to build churches; there being in the whole State but the chapel in which he officiates. Experience has proved in this country, that, by erecting churches, the Catholics rally, and Catholicism becomes more and more propagated. The poor bishop, one of those clergymen who, by self-denial and constant employment in the service of God, as well as in the alleviation of their fellow beings, do so much honor to their church, and exhibit such holy characters as in no other creed are to be found; answered a call from each of his brethren, and either to assist the sick and dying, or to comfort the afflicted, he was continually riding from distance to distance; nor did ever the inclemency of the weather detain him from his pious works of consolation. At last nature proved rebellious; his frame was sinking; he fell sick, and his life was despaired of; he recovered however, and had resumed his sacred duties when I saw him. He told me he

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intended to go, after the bishop's Convention at Baltimore, to Europe. We then talked about bishops Flaget and Parcell, who had returned with a good harvest of money and valuables, which they had collected in France, Italy and Germany, for the purpose of building new temples under their dioceses.

I took the liberty to remark, that he would meet probably with some difficulty in Europe, on account of the number of prelates and clergymen who go there on such errands. As I was on my way to Mexico, I told him I would see if something could be done there, for his jurisdiction. I knew that none had ever been there on such a mission; and knowing also, how rich the Mexican clergy were, I anticipated a favorable result of the commission with which I wished to be entrusted. The prelate assented.

One of my first steps in the city of Mexico was to wait upon the archbishop, to whom I made the disclosure. "Well," said he, "we shall see: it is a delicate matter; I must speak about it with the minister of the interior and of the chapter." The answer came, and it purported, that *they were too poor*, and could not encourage the worthy bishop of ———, to visit Mexico on the intended errand; so that, money for living luxuriously and feeding their profane appetites, as they do in the most indecorous way, they have plenty; but, for assisting a minister of the gospel in so sacred an emergency, in the diffusion of the word of God—they have none. I wrote back to the prelate and informed him of my failure.

As soon as both regulars and seculars should be reduced to a competent but moderate treatment, a great many desertions would take place from their ranks—so much the better! each soldier lost in that way would prove a gain to religion. The cities then would not be any longer nurseries of lazy fat beings openly given up, without the least restraint, to bad practices of every kind. In the cities they swarm; but how is it in the country? In the country, they have not a single clergyman, sometimes on an extent of fifty miles or more. Make the profession as it must be, not a soft, commodious and agreeable station in life, and the clergy will muster men inspired with true devotion. Take away from them the *pleasures* of a city residence, and they will flock to the country, where the sick and dying will be no longer deprived of the succour of religion. There is besides, another and most important mission which rests with them—that of spreading instruction amongst the poor, who are now but a shade above automata. Let civilization take the place of the

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now prevalent darkness, and society will change face. Let the clergymen, above all, eradicate the many religious prejudices adopted by the Mexicans. As Plato said, there are two rocks, between which religion is placed, that are equally dangerous to man and injurious to God—impiety and superstition. The one from an affectation of free thinking, believes nothing; the other from a blind meekness, believes every thing—such is the case with the Mexicans.

Allow me to repeat here, that none except philosophers or correct men, must undertake the reform; and I wish I were wrong in adding that they have to look abroad for an importation of such men. The immense property of so many rich communities must not, after all, become the prey of the reformers; it must be employed to relieve the country from the embarrassment in which it is at present entangled.

What is the religious standing of Mexico, after such a confusion of things: I expect, many will be anxious to know —I shall tell it—indifference! that great sin of all Catholic countries, is the order of the day there, among the higher classes; and as I have already hinted, superstition amongst the poor.

When the holy sacrament is brought from one place to another, every one takes off his hat and follows to some distance the procession. In some places, they will fall and rest on their knees, as long as they see the coach or canopy, under which the sacred bread is carried. If that were the spontaneous impulse of so many conscientious, ardent worshippers, what other spectacle would be more moving? but, mingle with the procession, approach the kneeling groups, and you will clearly see that it is a mere mechanical, conventional and hypocritical act, established by long usage; whereto all must submit, unless one may be disposed to run the chance of being *lynched* on a small scale.

Things in this respect, are much worse in Puebla than in the city of Mexico, which is accounted for from the fanatical man they have at the head of their diocess. People in Europe do not bow so much before sovereigns as the Pueblans do before priests or friars. Sentinels make the military salute at every ecclesiastic passing by.

Gen. Codallios, the same whom I mentioned before, showed lately great energy by resisting, with success, a whim of the bishop. It was at the last carnival that the Mexicans introduced the old Italian fashion, now in full decline, of the masks. Elsewhere in the Republic all went right, or even too much so, because, against the Roman ordinances,

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they had masks and balls in lent, without any interference from the clergy; in Puebla, however, the bishop opposed the newly imported frolic, and a warm conversation ensued between him and the general governor. The bishop threatened he would, in case of persistance in having masks, cause the churches to be shut up, but he slackened afterwards, on hearing that the Governor would have them opened with the cannon.

The churches of Mexico are crowded on festival days; there is not, however, one man for three women. Only a year ago, it was in that Republic, as in former times throughout all the Catholic world. They had numberless holy and half-holy days. A pontifical bull, issued at the end of 1839, reduced the moveable holidays to a few in number: a measure which will very likely prove advantageous to that country, whose lazy inhabitants were delighted with having such an unexceptionable pretext to avoid work.

I must pause now, to say, that I am aware of the satisfaction that many Christians, not Catholics, will feel, in reading my sad accounts of the clergy and religion in Mexico. On this consideration, as well as for fear of the stings of the pseudo reverend editors of the religious papers in this babel of sects, some tried to prevail upon me to suppress this chapter; I replied, that if any of the same editors, in their *most Christian* dispositions to slander Catholicism, would take advantage of my accounts, to publish them, without repeating *all* that I said referring to religion, I would consider it as a mean piracy.

The excesses to which the Mexican clergy are given up do not imply an accusation against the mass of the Catholic priests. As free from any pre-occupation, as if I were not a Catholic, and without taking into consideration how much easier it is to be a good Protestant minister than a good Catholic clergyman, for the infinitely different duties, restrictions and sacrifices which are incumbent upon the latter, I say, the Catholic European clergy stand *now* as high as that of any reformed church. Spain and Portugal evinced, even of late, the same propensities of the Mexican clergy; but they are about completing a thorough and salutary reform; while it is to be hoped that the kings of the two Sicilies and Sardinia may ere long place their clergy on the same footing as that of Germany, France and the other Italian States.

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CHAPTER VI.

The President of the Republic of Mexico and Gen. Filisola—Public morality in that country—A Mexican minister to Prussia—Revolutionary events, and their effects on Mexico—Federalism and Federalists—Errors in reference to the government of Mexico—The freedom of the press—Corruption—A contract for the government troops in Matamoras—Custom-house regulations—Smuggling—National debt of Mexico—Iturbide—Santa Anna at St. Jacinto and Vera Cruz—A false charge against Americans and Mexicans—Gen. Jackson's opinion of Santa Anna.

I have already made some allusion to the political condition of Mexico, but I shall now take the subject fairly in hand.

The president of that republic is an able general; and, whatever may be said against him by his political opponents, he is a correct man; he has one eminent qualification which none perhaps dream of as being of such weight—he is poor; and to be poor after having been, as he was, in many an affair amidst the corruption which gnaws society there, is the highest encomium of his character. It shows the man who does not fatten himself on the wrecks of his country; what he needs is energy. Gen. Filisola is another *rara avis*, or adheres to the same infallible touchstone; but few others, very few, can stand comparison with the two above-mentioned generals; because if there is any high officer of the republic poor, it is owing to his dissipated habits—chiefly gambling. Such is the case with a Mexican diplomatist, who some time ago created a great stir at Washington. It is well understood that such people are doubly dangerous when they fall below par, since they *must* any how make money, and they are familiar with the ways of getting it.

To say that public morality is unknown in that country, would be too much; where else, however, are officers of the government to be seen robbing as openly and publicly as if they were going to church? Nor is that all; such facts, though quite notorious, are overlooked with a stoical indifference. Their representatives will go calmly from the legislature to a gambling house, or *vice versa*. I should not be astonished if they were to talk about their good or ill luck even in the hall. I heard of two congressmen who were not ashamed to pawn their salary at twenty-five per cent. discount. They receive two hundred dollars per month, which is more than enough to support themselves; vice then, nothing else but vice, can force them to renounce all sense of dignity.

Here comes an amusing anecdote about Mr. B——, who

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was sent a few years ago as a minister to the court of Prussia. He left Mexico with some *attachés*, and went to Paris. They found it such a charming place, that they could not help halting there; gambling, and committing every kind of extravagance. In the meantime a nonsensical expedition to Savoy, for the purpose of freeing Italy was planned by a handful of Italian refugees who had retired to France. It was an affair a long time before spoken of, and it failed. Our Mexican diplomatist, regardless of his character, took an active part in it, and shared the defeat. At last the *Mexican unguent* had melted away; to sustain the rank of minister at Paris was as impossible as to proceed to Berlin. They sold or pawned their furniture as well as their embroidered uniforms, and the whole legation (all Federalists) went gloriously home!

Immorality and corruption being predominant among the heads and officers of the various branches of the administration, there cannot be a good government; and I should deceive my readers were I to call the present Mexican government good.

When audaciousness reigns, justice is dumb; and every thing contributes to render the guilty more presumptuous, as is unhappily the case with Mexico; the fault weighs upon the government, which is always answerable for all such disorders. The only excuse the Mexicans might adduce is, the unsettled state of the country; and I am ready to allow that the revolutionary movements which incessantly disturb their country in all directions, would be more than sufficient to paralyze the action of even a much better government. Why now do such movements happen so frequently? Is it not for want of management on the part of the rulers? I fully believe it is; and where there is not peace, there cannot be prosperity. It is long since Mexico has been tossed from commotion to commotion. That country requires a strong and firm government to escape such repeated blows. Constituted as they are now, it is morally impossible for the Mexicans to collect every where forces capable of quelling the different movements at their birth.

I must be permitted to say that the government of Mexico should have better agents than it has abroad. A week after my arrival in the capital, conversing with a high officer of the government, I well understood that he was ignorant of many facts which I knew, though not having any interest in the matter: not even the proclamation which Gen. Anaya issued in January, to engage foreigners to join him was known to that government.

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Somewhat then for want of information and quickness, somewhat for local difficulties, they have constantly a re-action to oppose here, and an invasion to check there; and some confusion every where. They march and repel one faction; but they have hardly done with it, when another springs up requiring immediate interference from the government, whose attention is thus absorbed by endless political convulsions. Self-defence obliges them to keep a watch on the march of events, and they cannot devote so much attention to the improvement of the social condition of the country as it requires.

Let us look at the elements that compose Federalism. Unless I am greatly mistaken, believe me, they are something worse than the predominant party; as they would be truly at a loss to find among them even a Bustamente. With that specious word "liberty," so often misused, and nearly always deceitful, the Federalists take their ground, proclaiming the country in the hands of imaginary tyrants. They make inroads that always prove abortive, for want of sympathy among the people, most of whom know too well how they long for plunder and power.

Among the Federalists there are many who, disappointed and sorry that they did not succeed, addict themselves—can my readers divine what to?—to hunting the purses of travellers on the public road. I could name, were it not from regard to some person, two Federalists who were brought in contraband to ——. They openly said, "we have lost our offices; nothing is left to us; we must make money somehow;" and then they would curse the government which *compelled* them "to trade on the road." Oh! for such patriots who, for the rest, have not been scarce in Spain too, during the never-ceasing civil strife of that ill-fated peninsula.

The greatest enemies of Mexico, in my opinion, are the Federalists. They keep up a wavering and ruinous state of things. They apologize, in some degree, for that government which answers but imperfectly the confidence and wants of the country. If instead of brandishing the sword they were to rally around the standard of the constitutional power, and enlighten it in reference to the welfare of the country, would it not be much more patriotic? I expect to hear them saying, that they cannot reconcile themselves to such Robespierres or Dantons; yet, rely upon me, they are all visions.

Let us suppose that one of the two parties existing in the United States should resort to arms, in order to secure the victory; suppose, moreover, that they should rise repeatedly,

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and fight a couple of battles here and there, could the government rightly be called brutal and tyrannical for opposing and subjecting to the rigor of the laws the leaders of the rebellious party? We must not forget that a government, in most of such cases, resorts to strong measures; not so much for punishing the guilt of revolt in itself, as for intimidating others, and holding them back from attempting new disturbances.

The present government of Mexico, I think is bad, much more for not doing what it ought to do, than by misdoing. Corruption is the rock against which the vessel of the state strikes so violently as to threaten her sinking; but it would be decidedly unjust to call it an ill-intentioned and oppressive government: on the contrary, should I say all that I think of it, I would style it *too indulgent* Were it not so, less or no intestine troubles would happen.

Much has been said against the project of law for the suppression of the freedom of the press. The people of the United States are right to wonder at such a projected bill, although in many instances some restraint on the press, even in this country would obviate scandal.

The liberty of the press, like many other laws, is in the intention of the legislator beneficial, while its results prove very often diametrically opposite. The legislator thinks men must have it as a medium to unmask abuses and point at vice. Who will object against his aim? However, do men keep within the limits assigned to them by the lawgiver? Do they make use of it according to his intention? No; the freedom of the press, instead of holding abuses in subjection, frequently unbridles them; from a contemplated barrier to evil, arises a school of vice and licentiousness. As soon then as the contract is forfeited by one of the parties, has not the other a right to dissolve it on the ground that a designed good turned out a curse?

What matters more after all is, that the Americans must never compare their political institutions and structure with those of Mexico. The Mexicans, in the enthusiasm created by the American revolution, and its laurel of 1814—15, thought of imitating their neighbours, and becoming republicans—fatal error! for their country did not contain the germs of a commonwealth. They have been, and will long be, poor imitations of a system which they do not even comprehend. Whilst then, in this well-formed and strongly established confederacy, the free press must be an integral part of its noble institutions, it is not so in that mimic republic. Here, some meetings or some elbowing at the polls

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make the war; there, they actually fight. Every thing is quiet here; all is unsettled there; and, as under those despots the press is (if it could be) more impertinent and audacious than it is here, a restriction would certainly do good to that country. An article in a paper here pleases, or excites the reader; there, it may induce people to take up arms against the government. Here, papers preach reform; there, rebellion. Is there any comparison between the United States and Mexico?

I may be wrong, but I consider the doctrines of Federalism, even if they were *bona fide* principles, erroneous and inapplicable to the present social condition of Mexico. When the members of a family have all attained the full use of reason, they can free themselves from parental control, but not before. The Mexican family, let me say it, are far from having attained that point. They have not got the instruction that is indispensable to form a federal body. They are too immature for governing themselves, and if a possibility of redemption exists for them, I only perceive it in concentrating, but never in diverging the action of power: a theory, which, in hard cases and dangerous circumstance, was followed by all nations, and by the "instructors of the world" themselves.

Corruption is the cause by which the public treasury is always empty; public officers are badly paid, the army and navy are neglected, and the government itself is obliged to fall into the hands of famished harpies; who, the more they have, the more eager they are to devour, and with whom they contract shameful loans. Such *charitable* lenders (called by the Mexicans *agististi*) are the ruin of the country. They lend money to the government on the best securities, just on the same conditions as the most greedy usurer would enter into such a transaction with young men not yet of age. Their finances are in so great disorder, that the government is compelled to submit to the humiliating pacts, and even kiss the hand that strikes it. Is it not strange that the very country that disseminates the precious metals over the whole world, should be reduced to such extremities? That happens, however, for the reason that their public treasury is a cow that every one will milk, and because all run on the *ora pro me* maxim. The Mexican financiers think of filling their own purses, not that of the state. Every one for himself, they say, and God for us all.

I read at Gen Filisolas' a letter narrating the particulars of a disgraceful contract entered into between the commander of Matamoras and a furnisher, who was to supply the

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army with four hundred thousand rations, if I recollect it well, at forty-three and three-quarters cents each; a rate which left to the contractor over one hundred per cent. profit. The commander of course must have had a good mouthful, and thus *en avant!*

Offices in Mexico are like shops, where people hasten to make as much money as they can. When an officer is sent out in commission, the object of honor and the prospect of glory are generally second to the hope of plunder. The accounts he produces, compared with the well-known "Gen. Washington's accounts of his expenses in the revolutionary war," would celebrate its framer on an opposite parallel.

What adds much to the distressed condition of the Mexican treasury is smuggling; since it is practised as smoothly as the most regular trade in the world. We ought always to be cautious ere attacking a whole nation, I know; however, it is not less true that internal strife and corruption are the order of the day wherever the Spanish language is spoken: Spain has bequeathed these propensities to its dismembered colonies, of which she is not much ahead herself.

Look at the wretched state of that country; at the savage acts which characterize its endless war: at the desertion of its chiefs! How many Arnolds has Spain had in the last twenty or thirty years? Let us go back to Mexico, and look at its custom-house regulations.

The government of every province, very much to the annoyance of the Mexican commerce, charges additional duties on the goods to be consumed within its district; so that, if a box of silk is sent from Vera Cruz to Mexico, unless declared to be *in transitu*, it must pay, besides the importation duty at the seaport, ten per cent. in Jalapa, in Puebla, and in the capital. The whole appears to me a defective system, and expensive too, as they are bound to keep numberless custom-house officers.

Now Mexican custom-house officers and robbers of the public money might be considered almost synonymous. To bribe them is as profitable as it is a safe business. Merchants import a great deal in that manner; not to mention what they introduce *by stratagem*, or without the connivance of the officers.

Smuggling is more or less carried on every where; yet in the United States, England, France, Germany, Italy, and other countries it is altogether a business at the risk of those engaged in it; it is a war of cunning waged by bold people against the whole brigades of the custom-house. It is not so, however, in Spain, or in the once Spanish colonies.

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There even a stranger can fearlessly take apart the officer who comes on duty on board, and bargain with him. I was repeatedly asked on the wharf of Vera Cruz, if I had any money to send on board the vessel in which I was to leave; they charged but three-quarters per cent., whilst the exportation duty is three or three and a half.

Is it so difficult to catch an officer *in flagranti delicto?* I am aware it would not be so elsewhere. First pay them well: do not allow them to say "how can I support myself and family with so much?" then watch them closely; look if they gamble or squander money; search into their conduct; examine how they live; scan their steps; and it will prove very easy to discover the trick he plays on the public treasury. Seize the first who betray their duties, send them to the galleys, and be assured, things will soon turn out better.

Punishment, like violent remedies, said Plato, ought never to be used but in cases of extreme necessity; yet, as another sage said, remissness of severity may pass in a well-organized society, but it will never do when society is corrupted.

As far as I could perceive, the Mexicans follow a wrong policy in having the same custom house officers on duty, at the same place, year after year, or all their life. They become, thus, intimate with every body; and have the means of committing peculations with the completest security from detection. If what a custom house officer, who had been recently sent from Mexico to Tampico, told me, be true, that port, which receives much fewer vessels than Vera Cruz, gave in 1839 a larger product to the Republic.

The Mexicans, but of late, understood that to place confidence (as it was formerly done in the United States also) in the assertions of the importer who exhibited *original* accounts, whereupon the duties were charged, was the way of making them rich and the State poor. They have now a tariff, which, for some articles is excessively high, and for others quite reasonable.

Smuggling is a corrupting and immoral traffic, which ruins at once the revenue and the trade of a country. It ruins the revenue, because it dries up the most efficient resources of the State—the trade, for all have not the same facilities, or are not so situated as to be able to smuggle, or even dislike that illicit trade; the disparity which arises then, is detrimental to those who do not rob the treasury.

Those merchants who are accustomed to cheat the revenue, were that source of profit to cease, would make a terrible noise, rush against the new measures and abuse the exe-

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cutive. They would clamor against the injustice of doing what the law told them *before* it would do—never mind; let them brawl. When at the end all will be placed on the same ground, they will cease grumbling, and commerce will be no longer an *organized brigandage*.

Notwithstanding all the exaggerated reports about the national debt of Mexico, it does not exceed forty-five millions of dollars. What is that for a country like Mexico? it is nothing: it would soon be paid, had they an able and *honest* minister of the finances.

That the Federalists offer more security for the repression of all such abuses in the administration of the country, I am unable to see; on the contrary, as regards smuggling, they gave everywhere evidence, that the custom-house department would not require many efforts on their part.

I must pause now, on a subject, whereupon to please some of their instigators, the Federalists lay a great stress —the adopting of free worship. They brag so much about it, and pretend to make people believe that it would be the corner-stone of the prosperity of Mexico; but I, for my part, would never recommend the measure to the Mexicans. Let them have a dominant religion, and tolerate all others.— What they want is, the reform of their clergy; worthy ministers will, afterwards preach that tolerance which is a *sine qua non* part of a true Christian. If the Mexicans wish to descend to the root of the evil, let them free the roads of robbers, and make new ones (in which work criminals of every description ought to be employed)—the tide of a useful emigration will then go to Mexico, and the country change appearance. Let the country be safe, the present prejudices erased, and the government be solid: fear not, then, that any Protestant may stay from there on religious considerations. Are there not hundreds of thousands of German, Swiss, English and American Protestants spread all through the Catholic countries of Europe? I never saw any of them leaving Germany, France or Italy, on account or for fear of being molested. In the republic of Mexico itself, though so sharply and not unjustly accused of religious intolerance, are there not many thousand Protestants, who are left undisturbed to profess their religion, and perform their religious duties?

The only difference between the Catholic countries of Europe and the United States on this score is, that in most places there, protestants are not allowed to build temples. Laws oppose there, the *public* Profession of any creed except the dominant, but not the least violence whatever is

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offered to other believers. Every one thinks and does what he pleases; as to meeting, it is not a great obstacle, if the Protestants are compelled to unite under the roof of their houses, instead of preaching within the walls of a temple. This comports with the simplicity of which they boast so much. Some forbearance is, after all, the lot of all men. A Catholic, who according to his notions, is allowed to play and do many other things on Sunday, after having attended mass, would have the panes of his windows broken, or be otherwise insulted, were he to do in New-York, Philadelphia, and almost any other city in the United States, what is consistent with his religion, but not with puritanism.

I should dread for Mexico the effects of that natural restlessness and inconstancy of man's heart, which is always thirsting after novelty, and, as the United States have practically proved, is never cured of its disgust to uniformity, even in religious matters.

Considering the whole, Mexico, persecuted Mexico, deserves much more pity than hatred. The great misfortune of the Mexicans is, that since they undertook to govern themselves, they have never had a man pointing out to the nation the path to virtue; nor an able ruler heartily, sincerely devoted to his country. We need not go back to ancient times, to know how the destinies of many a nation have been fixed by a single man: modern events will suffice to instruct us—can any one presume what Russia, that country now full of vigor and prospects, would be, without a Peter the Great? what France, without the man who boldly arrested the progress of its long and bloody revolution? what the United States, without that model of all virtues, the true father of his country, Washington? Now what Mexico wants, is a man like any of them; but to the best of my knowledge, they have not a full combination in any of their public men, and it will prove impossible to bring out a good and able officer after the expiration of this presidential term.

They had Iturbide, who was not comprehended; and the premature and undeserved end of whom they vainly mourn now. He was, unquestionably, the greatest man they had after their independence, although not free from faults.

The other would-be great man, is Santa Anna; a monster of fortune and iniquity. Not any such instance is found, I believe, in the history of whichsoever time or country, of an individual, who, deficient of any talent (except that of robbing), stunned and humbugged a whole nation; and did so much, at the same time, to prostrate his native land, as this

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one. Santa Anna is now enjoying, though the report says he will not enjoy long, the fruit of his treachery and extortions at the *manga de clabo*, a farm which is at a distance of four leagues from Vera Cruz.

How he fascinated the Mexicans, is almost inconceivable; so much he bewitched them, that when they should drag him before a tribunal, to answer for his frauds, errors, or felony, they rivalled each other in preparing a noble reception and feasts for him. The butcher of Alamo and Goliad, when shamefully surprised at St. Jacinto, cowardly surrendered with his troops to a handful of Texians, awoke the sympathy of the whole nation. They mourned more the fate of the leader than the ignominy of the country. I shall be very glad to have some one to explain why the poor Mexicans were made to call him in earnest "the hero of St. Jacinto."

The same thing happened after the affair of St. Ulua. He got there with the declaration of war against France, in the evening of the 4th December, 1838. He had been invested with the supreme command, and held a conference with Gen. Arista, but *forgot* Arista's division, which was encamped at Santa Fé, a small place near Vera Cruz. As he had come with a mission quite unexpected by the French, he thought of catching by surprise the Prince of Joinville. He caused the gates of the place to be shut up; yet, he failed in his attempt. Two French officers had brought to admiral Baudin the news of Santa Anna's arrival, which created suspicion.

Vera Cruz had a garrison of from seven to eight hundred men, a number more than sufficient to keep a good watch all around during the night; however, at day break of the 5th, the French scaled, unmolested, the batteries and entered the place, without any one being aware of their presence, until the sentinel at the door of Santa Anna's house gave the alarm.

The *Napoleon of Mexico*, as he calls himself, had *forgotten* to distribute sentinels on the walls, to watch the movements of the enemy who was in front. He had himself hardly time to make, without coat and hat, for Matadero, a camp close by the city. He owed to his *negligé* his escape, as the French could not fancy that he was the General-in-chief. Arista was not so fortunate; they took him prisoner.

The garrison, left without a commander, opposed no resistance, with the exception of the soldiery lodged in the

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caserne, who bravely defended themselves and did not give it up. In the meantime, the French proceeded to spike the cannons and destroy the outworks of the city. When they had done they made for the boats. The information that the French were retiring, reached and stirred Santa Anna from his lair. He soon collected some troops, and marched to the *mole* or wharf, where only seventy or eighty of the enemy remained on shore; the balance with a few wounded and dead having already got into the boats. Santa Anna directed the attack against the party which was about embarking, as well as against the boats full of troops which were making for Ulua. He had been careful not to expose himself to the firing of the French, who immediately answered the charge; he had sheltered himself behind a small house (the office of the captain of the port) which stands parallel to the mole; but, again he *forgot* something—his left leg and thigh jutted out from the corner of the building and, shame! the French, with a piece of ordnance which they had taken from Vera Cruz, availed themselves of the neglect, and unceremoniously swept away the part exposed.

Court martial ought to have tried the cowardly ass; however, partly by the spell which he had about himself, and partly for his cunning in finding out some officers among his accomplices who were very glad to support his lies, he made up an artificial and pompous exhibition of facts, such as to make the credulous Mexicans believe that it was a new laurel added to the many (all probably of the same character) which he had gathered before.

Amongst the charges which are brought against the Mexicans, not the last nor the least, is that of representing them as excessively proud and conceited; poor fellows! there cannot be a more unfounded calumny. They see but too well their misfortunes and gradual downfall; however, as we often judge of the whole by a part, the false and bombastic accounts of Gen. Santa Anna on various circumstances have induced people to suppose that the Mexicans are what they are not.

The same charge exists against the people of the United States, which is likewise misapplied. Foreigners frequently say "the Americans will not listen to any thing said against their country." The Americans have that aversion which is common to every nation—they dislike to hear their country abused; but they will patiently listen to impartial and reasonable comments: for the rest, it is merely an act of indulgence, if people do not kick off those foreigners, who,

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with a brazen face, trample upon the country which gives them hospitality. The least I should fear directed to me from the people amidst whom I were to live, in case of abusing them would be,—Sir, who detains you here? why do you not go home?

I shall return to the Mexicans. I saw a pamphlet published by F. de P. Orta, an officer in the Mexican army, present at the affair of Vera Cruz, who undertook to offer a sketch of it, and show the "Mexican Napoleon" under true colors. The author so begins—"Why, whilst all America and Europe know the humiliation which fell upon our arms, shall the Mexicans alone be ignorant of the fact? why shall we believe that we have performed prodigies; that we have covered ourselves with glory, whilst so many foreigners who witnessed the occurrence vouch to the whole world the contrary? what shall we gain by deceiving the nation under the silly pretext, as some say, of not having the glory of the country eclipsed?"

This and other works opened the eyes of the Mexicans; they made them blush when thinking of the ridiculous triumphal arch they had erected in honor of Santa Anna, when that Judas to his country returned from Vera Cruz; for the rest, except in the neighbourhood of his birth place, where from a misunderstood local pride he still enjoys some consideration, all his countrymen know him at last.

An eminent personage there wished to know if I had not spoken of Santa Anna with Gen. Jackson, whom I had the pleasure of visiting at his house, and with whom I spent a most agreeable day, when on my way to Mexico. I repeated the old hero's words. He said he had had an interview of six hours with Gen. Santa Anna, in which Mr. Forsyth, the present secretary of state, acted as interpreter. "It is a pity," said the old general, "that that man has not a heart as good as his head;" yet the ex-president mistook what he thought to be Santa Anna's best part. He has shrewd, malicious and mischievous dispositions; but not what phrenologists would call "a good head."

Notwithstanding an introduction I had to Santa Anna, what I heard and read of the man disgusted me so much, that I gave up visiting him at his country residence. I felt satisfied that it was not worth the trouble to go and see one more of the many rascals who move about the world.

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CHAPTER VII.

What form of government would better suit the Mexicans—American aristocracy—Austrian government in Italy—Louis Philippe and the British government—Botta and the Italians—The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom—The Germans or the French mastering Italy—Visit of a foreign ambassador to the governor of one of the United States—Elections and institutions of this country—Elective franchise of aliens in the United States—Native American Society—The leaders of the late revolutions in Italy—Political character and other remarks on the Italians—Italian refugees in France and England—The present system of Austria.

I expressed my opinion upon the present form of the Mexican government, by calling it a mistaken one. I shall add now that if a change must take place, progressing towards democracy will never do: a well-intentioned monarchical system would suit them much better than a republican one. I say so, because freedom can succeed, but never precede, intelligence and public order.

The Americans will call me a blasphemer or an apostate (as I have already taken the first step and shall ere long become an American citizen) preaching as I do, the expediency of a monarchical form of government; however, as we are wont to say, let every thing be in its place.

This country is placed under peculiar circumstances, which, as long as they last, will ensure to its people the institutions they have adopted. Import them to any country of Europe, and you would strike a fatal blow to its social equilibrium.

Permit me to observe that Europeans know as little of America as Americans do of Europe: an axiom, which seems to imply the evidence of their standing on the same ground, although it is not so; because Americans generally look with depreciating eyes upon Europe, and Europeans look, as if through a magnifying glass, at the United States; the difference, then, is against Europe; with, however, the exception of England, whose people look upon this country with as much scorn as devotedness and servility are evinced by the people of the United States towards all that is English. The American aristocracy, especially, vie with each other in aping and counterfeiting every newly imported English practice, manner, or fashion.

Much is said by some Americans about their countrymen who "uncover their heads to royalty or within the threshold of an aristocratic drawing-room;" yet many a republican has only to go there to learn that kings are no longer such terrific

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beings, commanding awe. They will perceive that barons, counts and princes, except shaking hands,* will be as pleased as polite at being visited by any honest man of the mercantile or other profession, while they will feel honored to entertain literary or scientific characters.

For the little I know of the American aristocracy, the intelligent part of it is just the same as the European; that is to say, according to circumstances and persons, either unpretending, pliable and courteous, or haughty, obstinate and repulsive. The poor are delighted when they say that "all are equal in this country;" the rich will laugh in their sleeves—then echo. A real amusement is to see, at the eve of an election, a man, sometimes as proud as the ancient Orsini and Colonna, with a cheerful countenance, running or riding to and fro, having on his lips a smile ready for every body, indiscriminately shaking hands with all persons they meet; talking and chatting with the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, and the husbandman. He goes often so far as to give the last classes a party, the description of which would make a horse laugh. Let the election be over, and behold what a difference between the candidate and the officer. Then he resumes his countenance and habits. The poor, and even "his guests of one evening," may scream as much as they please about "equality," for he is deaf to such nonsense; and when to keep up appearances, he is forced to deal with some *heterogeneous* being, I am confident some broken curses are let loose against the very shade of equality which places him in contact with them.

Such is human weakness; nor do such things happen in the United States alone. Become familiar with the leaders of free principles in Europe; the same metamorphosis will be seen. The difference between a French or English representative, and an English or French minister, is beyond description. When a representative, he will thunder from the rostrum against the oppressive system and wrong policy of the government; he is for the rights of the people, who bless him; but no sooner does he sit on the "velvet cushion," than he becomes another man; he approves and extols the same policy and system, which he violently blamed before, and to his associates, his idol—the people—he turns his back. A curtain separates the parliamentary man from the man of the cabinet.

They are every-day events in the countries of Europe, ruled on the representative principle; and, had the govern-

* Which are many times stretched in the United States, when fresh from having performed the nasty office of a handkerchief.

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ments as many portfolios* to dispose of, as there are members of the opposition, there would no longer be any members of the opposition at all. An office thrown into their throat would quiet all these Cerberuses.

I shall refer now to that part of the American aristocracy which pretends to shine, simply because of their fortune, that often vanishes as fast as it was heaped: I here mean those who, without education, think that money is every thing. They are mostly insupportable. I have in the United States a fair but irreconciliable enemy in a young lady, with whom I happened to talk about a public ball:—"How did you enjoy yourself, Miss——?" "How could I be amused amongst so many *parvenus?*" To tell the whole truth, I think I never was a champion of gallantry; but on that occasion I forgot myself so far as to reply, "If you exclude *parvenus*, your balls will not be very thickly attended." I avow it was an insolence; yet how could any one bear hearing, under this republican sky, a similar remark from the offspring of an honest but uncultivated and ignorant man, rich at that time, but only a few years before a penniless fellow, who packed up pork? I wish here to be understood. I do not intend to look, or make others look with contempt upon such people—no: on the contrary, I respect and esteem every man, who by dint of an honorable industry ascends to a high or respectable station in life. We are not very far distant from that time in which the most fatal of prejudices made people prefer a *well-born*, but stupid or vicious being to a man of merit or probity, who had committed the fault of appearing on the stage of life just the same as Plato or Cæsar. This prejudice, sacred by many ages of ignorance and egotism, was a lingering disease; which, down to the close of the last century, wasted society away, or kept it in a state of torpor. Then a well-born man could do every thing without talents or virtue, whereas all virtues and talents could not avail the plebeian. The first was generally predestined to perpetrate any rash act whatever, whose victims the other constantly were.

A change, and a very salutary one, has taken place. All rational beings think now more of the talents and education of a person than of his birth or fortune; yet we must not confound characters or things. A man disgusts, when elevated by mere chance, suddenly forgetful of his origin, he

* When a minister is nominated in France, they say he has the portfolio of the interior, war, &c., according to the department to which he is appointed. There are then ministers without portfolio, who have nevertheless a vote in the council of state.

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fancies that the blood of demi-gods runs in his veins; and contemns those who were but a short time before, on equal terms with him. He disgusts them more and more, when being quite unlearned, and leaning entirely on his money, he mimics rich, and at the same time educated men, or look with disdain at people who possess what all his fortune cannot purchase, what can never be lost, but are not rich.

There are some, who loudly accuse American travellers for fear that they may import aristocracy. I should, however, advise those who are sincerely jealous of their republican institutions, to direct their attention and quell the aristocratic tendency, that does not come from the opposite shores of the Atlantic, but is indigenous to the United States.

An English tourist is yet on board his vessel, when the whole press cheers his arrival. All his movements are eagerly watched. They will run hundreds of miles to take a glance of him. He is the "lion" as they will say, of Washington, New-York, or other places. When an American traveller is admitted to the presence of a king or queen, the "great event" will be noticed by all papers, in the same way that they will echo from Maine to Louisiana, through the whole union, that Mr. Stevenson, the American minister to the court of St. James, had the distinguished honor of dining with the fair queen, and will measure the feet and inches which separated his nose from hers. Every one can remember, when Mr. Van Buren's sons, and Mr. Daniel Webster were in England; how their very steps were reported; how an attention, a word dropped from the lips of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, Melbourne or others, resounded at a distance of from three to five thousand miles. The dress, or the ornamenting of the hair of queen Victoria will set the fashion to the American ladies; her least motion, gesture, act or word, will be mentioned: girls are christened with the name of the happy queen. I saw religiously preserved in an American family an artificial flower, that had been at the top of a cake presented by the British queen to one of her ministers on the occasion of her marriage: the fortunate flower, after having braved the dangers of a sea voyage as well as of a long inland journey, is shown and admired as a great curiosity. What would Washington, Franklin, or any other of the venerable men who flourished in the early period of this government, and with whom the best times of Sparta and Rome seemed to revive—what would they say, should they raise their heads, and returning for a moment from the night of eternity, see

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all such things—and others too? nor must the Americans make their countrymen who go to Europe answerable for the anti-republican demonstrations to which I have alluded; because, well could Messrs. Stevenson, Van Buren, Webster and others share so many distinctions, without there being any necessity for the American press, to publish by sound of trumpet events of the kind.

I had a long talk on this subject with one of the greatest men who have ever appeared on the public stage in this country, and who, notwithstanding the venomous imputations of a delirious party, is unquestionably, and by far, the most eminent character of the present time; I mean Gen. Jackson. The old fashioned republican sighed, in comparing the present state of things with bygone times; and I saw his wrinkled, austere countenance flushing, when he made allusion to the Anglo-mania which is gaining ground every day amongst the Americans, or at least the higher classes.

Now, I do not wish to have any person believe, that I speak of Gen. Jackson as the head of his party. I am not a politician, and shall, a little farther on, evince that I deny any right to foreigners of mingling with the politics of the country from whence they receive hospitality.

I consider the political principles of the ex-president as being sincere; I have not the least doubt but that he is a well-intentioned and true patriot, while I would not indeed venture to say so much of either of the two agitating factions.

After all, the strong proneness of the Americans to aristocracy may be nothing else but the result of refinement, and all efforts to conquer it may prove useless.

I was in New-York in the month of July, 1838, when a numerous collection of Italian and Flemish paintings was exhibited at the academy of fine arts: close by the door of the hall which contained the same paintings, in a small and dark room, there was a portrait of queen Victoria; (a real poor thing, in spite of what the American papers said and do say to "puff" it) well, the republicans flocked by crowds into the queen's room, whilst none visited the other exhibition.

Amidst the erroneous impressions of the Americans in reference to Europe, and *vice versa*, there is the commiseration felt by the former in regard to the political condition of the old continent; and on the opposite side, the enchantment of the Europeans in looking, on that score, at this country. However, as far as experience has assisted me, I only see much less despotism on one side and much less liberty on

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the other, (provided licentiousness be not mistaken for liberty) than it is generally thought.

I shall confine my observations upon Europe to a single country, my native land, which is unanimously pitied as groaning under the inflexible iron hand of tyranny.

I belong to that part of Italy, which is directly under the claws of the double-headed eagle, or to that section of the country which, in a political point of view, is considered to be in the most wretched and oppressed state.

Austria is called the leader of European despotism. By "the prisons of Silvio Pellico," or by the way in which state-prisoners are treated, people judge of the character of that government. One of Pellico's sufferers made the picture still gloomier with his annotations; which however, according to Count Confalonieri (he told me so on board the brig Hippolitus, in the port of Trieste), are either incorrect or exaggerated.

That Confalonieri, Pellico, and their associates were inhumanly treated, none can deny. In the pure expansions of his innocent soul, Pellico relating, full of Christian resignation, the hard trial of his long captivity, draws tears. What relates to *crimes d'état* is incontrovertibly a dreadful concern in the Austro-Italian provinces. No possible means is neglected to drag the guilty from their hiding place; and they remind us of past ages, when oppressors made a study of how they could more torment their victims. The cruelty of the punishment I blame; but, let us look, if punishing such attempts is so unjust, so monstrous as it is generally pronounced.

A plotter against his government, or sovereign must know, before taking any such step, the chances connected with it. A chief must be aware beforehand that he may as well mount on a gibbet as on a throne. In the *very act* of planning the scheme, let the conspirator weigh the probable consequences either for, or against himself; then, according to his moral strength, let him go ahead or retire. To complain afterwards, if he fails, of his enemies, to call them tyrants, is but weakness. People generally sympathize with political martyrs, for there is generally nothing criminal about them, except their failure. A crime of to-day is a virtue to-morrow; and the very man who accuses his opponents, would not, in most instances, have treated them otherwise, had his attempts been crowned with success.

Who will call the "citizen-king" a tyrant? I think—none; however, did he not cause Fieschi, Pepin, Alibaud, and their confederates, to be beheaded or thrown into a dungeon?

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Some will remark, that they were intended regicides, and that, Fieschi, in carrying his scheme into execution, sacrificed many lives—true; yet, let the phantom of republicanism appear in France, and Fieschi will be no longer an assassin; they will call him, if not a hero, a victim of the *good cause.* In other less serious instances, Louis Philippe was generous, and deserves credit for it, even though he may have been prompted by conciliatory reflections.

What did other governments do in similar cases? I shall refer to *the most excellent model of free institutions* in Europe —the English government. Did not the British, during the late Canadian insurrection, *quarter* some of the rebels? did not Col. Prince, like Santa Anna, coolly slay harmless prisoners some hours after their surrender? some noise was made in parliament, and all ended there.

Now, whilst the government which pretends to take in tow all Europe sanctioned such proceedings, the Austrians, not only never quartered, but never caused a single execution whatever of its convicted Italian conspirators. Some will remark that not a single plot there, was brought to maturity; and that a distinction must be acknowledged between the Canadians and the French, who fought against their governments, and the Italians who seldom went so far. There are, however, instances, in which mere projectors, seized in the effort of consummating their plots, were put to death by the kings of France, Prussia, Sardinia, Naples, and other countries of Europe.

If some of my countrymen ever see this part of my work, they will fulminate anathemas against me. Some will say, that I must have my views for *courting* Austria; as by saying what I do say, they will swear I have the intention to flatter her. Let me in the first place disclaim any comparison, as it would be madness in me to pretend to any such parallel between myself and the eminent historian too well known in this country—Botta; that upright, impartial, and virtuous man, who, following the tracks of Macchianello, Muratori, Dennina, Guicciardini, Davila, and many others, honoured the land, wherefrom, to repeat the words of the English author, "History, as well as every thing which is noble and useful, originally came. Botta, the same who exhibited the unprecedented example of writing an original history of a country which he never saw, and rendered a great service to the United States, with his work on the revolutionary war of this country, which is acknowledged as the best of all—the same, who, with the stern rigidity of olden times, wrote on his own country, in continuation of Guicciardini's work, that

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is to say from 1522 to 1797, and was afterwards prevailed upon by his countrymen to write about his own time—the very man, who faithful to the duty of a historian, reviewed impartially the events which took place in Italy from 1797 to 1814, was disgraced by his countrymen.

The "Prince of modern historians," as he is called in the literary world; the man, who, regardless of any consideration, cared only for transmitting the truth unveiled to posterity; the patriot, who, for his free opinions, was constrained to live on very scanty means, far from his father-land—committed the dreadful crime of telling the Italians the *whole* truth, and was denounced as a slanderer. The unfortunate exile was attacked, abused, and even suspected of being in the pay of the Austrians. So much do we hate truth, when it does not smooth our self love.

Botta professed free principles, without being a visionary. He laughed at the dreams of those who would bring society, as it is, back to the times of the Agrarian law. He recommended the adoption of such institutions as would suit the present civilization. "Aristocracy," said he "is to be considered as the principle conservative of a free State, and the source of all that is elevated and disinterested in public life: where laws oppose aristocracy by birth, a bad substitution takes place, viz. the aristocracy of wealth, greatly worse than the other, for, it claims the same privileges, without having its virtues and merits."

Botta said, that the Gallo-mania, or predilection which at that time (not now) the Italians nourished for the French, was as wrong as the mortal hatred sworn by them to the Austrians. He thought that German slowness is, by far to be preferred to French quickness. He told them, not to rely upon any foreign assistance, as they would invariably be led, either to unsuccessful and lamentable attempts, or a change of masters. He inveighed against their never-ceasing sectional divisions and internal dissentions. Had his advices been appreciated, the Italians would not have to mourn now, the disasters of 1831, which were chiefly promoted by the delusory promises and selfish views of the French.

Botta knew that he was working to raise a host of enemies against himself; nor was he under unfounded apprehensions. Even the very last moments of his old age were embittered by the attacks of a blind and raging party spirit.

Disclaiming again any comparison which is too far above me, I aver there is no tyranny exercised in the Italian provinces ruled by Austria; and, to prevent misconstruction, I

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declare that I not only have nothing to do now, but I shall *never* have hereafter any thing to do with the Austrian government; for, *if* I ever go back to my native country, I shall go as an American citizen.

To an American who should visit the Austro-Italian provinces, or the Lombardo-Venitian kingdom, I would say—provided you do not conspire against the government, you will be as free there as here—(except of course the compliance with certain formalities that are so much spoken of, and would however, be in existence under this very sky, had the United States a population like the European, instead of fifteen or sixteen millions of inhabitants). Do not plot, and then, do just what you please; none will interfere with you. If you have any claim against the crown, employ a lawyer; he will sue the vice-king, and even the emperor. If any public officer insults you, go to a competent authority: he will be punished. I shall not omit to report the remark of an able lawyer, one of the nine Italian plotters, whose prisons were opened by the Austrian government, to be transported to New-York.* None, of course can suspect him of partiality for his persecutors; yet, I heard him saying, that the Americans are much behind the Austrians as regards the routine and administration of justice. As for the political *opinions*, they are totally free as the religious. Who should advance that the Austrians harass men *simply* on account of *their opinions*, would speak false. Think as you please and speak as you choose; provided it be not in public, so as to create excitement; say openly, I dislike monarchy, I do not like the government, I hate the Austrians—none will trouble you for that. When you hear that the Austrians place sentinels over the thoughts or words of the Italians, you hear stories. There is one line, behind which you have nothing to fear; go beyond that, and then, from that very moment, as soon as you join a sect or conspiracy, or in any other way become an actual politician, fear every thing.

The country where I first inhaled my breath will, to my very last moment have a large share of my affections and best wishes. I have always desired, and still strongly desire, though without hope, to see Italy united and independent.

When at home, being some years younger and having less experience, I became infected with the predominant aversion to the Austrians; and, as I never was much reserved, I did not conceal at all my opinions and feelings. At the last

* Count Confalonieri and Mr. Tinelli were of the number.

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French revolution I fancied seeing the tri-colored flag waving throughout all Europe, as a signal of regeneration to the people and of terror to the sovereigns: my heart exulted at hearing the revolt of central Italy. I received, underhand, the papers from the provinces which had adopted free institutions, where some communications of mine were often inserted. Poland had no warmer friend than myself. A Pole was to me a being descended from heaven. I ran once a great danger, to enable one of them to make his escape. Colonel K———, was to be sent by the Austrian government to the United States, whilst he wished to join Gen. Dembisky, a gallant Pole commander who served at that time the Pacha of Egypt. I succeeded in putting him on board a Swedish ship sailing for Alexandria; though, having, immediately after, known better my man, I had no longer occasion to feel proud of my *coup-de-main*. I so managed, that I was the only person, who, not being related to them, could hold intercourse with some of the state prisoners who were to be transported to the United States. I was an ardent enthusiast for the cause of freedom, and as it so happened that I lived, for the last ten years ere coming to this country, in perhaps the only Italian place which, on account of mighty interests, befriends the Austrians, were it not for fear of assuming too much importance, I should say, that not only the eyes of the authorities but of the people were fixed upon me. I was one of the few acknowledged *liberali*, or men of free principles, who lived in ——; but I never thought of conspiring or actually aiding the cause, and was in no way ever molested. I hope I shall be excused if I go on talking of myself. I know very well how a writer must avoid introducing himself as the hero of a piece. This, I protest, is not my intention; I only thought that I could never better show how such things go on there than by faithfully relating what I saw myself on this head. At all events I expect that I am as good a witness as any body else.

I recollect a conversation I had once with a high officer of the Austrian government. Half in jest, half in earnest, he noticed my political sympathies, and said he knew very well I was a *liberale;* whereupon, half in jest, half in earnest myself, I made my political profession, and granted I was a lover of liberty, as far as I wished to see Italy forming an independent nation; but I knew it was a dream to expect such a change, and I did not desire any other having the usual results.

In effect, if we, formerly the masters of the world—by that rotation of events which raises and prostrates nations just

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the same as individuals—are doomed to have masters, I cannot see the advantage of changing them. The lot would most probably fall upon the French, and rather than have such substitutes, let us go on with the Austrians. They are not "eagles," but they have about them that goodness which, as a national characteristic, is quite peculiar to the German family. The Italians must avow that the Austrians never occupied Italy under specious and false appearances, as the French did. The Austrians never presented chains to conquered Italy amidst songs of liberty. They never indulge in violence; they do not make the Italians uneasy on account of their wives, sisters, or daughters. Their civil as well as military officers are noted for their mildness and respectfulness. Would that the Italians were so; but, painful as it may be, it is not less true that the most restless, insolent and contemptible public officers in the Austro-Italian provinces are the Italian officers; who, to ingratiate themselves with their masters and show their zeal, make themselves odious to their countrymen.

Let us now do justise to the Austrians on another ground. They never stripped Italy of the monuments of its ancient grandeur to enrich their museums and galleries as the French did, under the renegado Italian (*Buo* not *Bo*naparte).

Whilst such acts of refined Vandalism were never practised by the Austrians, we must acknowledge also that they rule over the country without sneering at its people. They have not the *chez-nous* always on their lips, as if to depreciate every thing which is Italian. They do not find Italy such a bad country, nor the Italians such a wretched race as the French delight in calling the one and the other. They in short do not rush against the Italians with biting philippics or satires, as the modern Galli always did, and do even now through their Hugos and other writers.

I like the French, but *chez-eux*.

To resume the inconveniences and advantages attached to the Austrian government, one will see there, as through the whole continent of Europe the system of a forced military enrolment. He will not cast his eyes over any paper of an avowed tendency to the so called "doctrines of the age." He will not witness there such things as an "election of the people," (though the Americans often call by this appellation the elections of corruption, cabal, treachery, or violence,) but there he will never see public order disturbed; his property and life will be perfectly safe; he will not see the reputation of any man sold to the caprice, or interests of the press; he will have incorruptible magistrates; he will for-

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get *Judge Lynch;* he will lose sight of any difference between poor and rich before justice; he will not hear of safeguards delivered to the culprit who can give bail.

The Austrians are remarkable for their tact in the choice of high officers. They rather sacrifice capacity to honesty, and have thus correct men filling the most important places. I shall give an instance of their good management on this score. There is no station in the United States which is half so difficult to fill with public satisfaction as the police-directorship in Lombardy. The head of that department has the mission to protect the interests of his constituents, who are openly and cordially detested; yet, since 1814, or the last occupation of Lombardy by the Austrians, there were four directors of police, who, including Mr. Torresani, the gentleman at present filling the office, were, not only esteemed but loved by the sworn anti-Austrian population of Milan.

The deportment of the subaltern officers or young clerks is quite the contrary, and this not only in Austria or in the Austro-Italian provinces, but almost everywhere else in Europe. They think of acquiring by harsh and rough manners that importance which they have not in themselves; so that I should always advise foreigners to avoid as much as they can any contact with such excrescences of power. A high officer anywhere in Austria will never fail to listen with composure to any complainer, and set his affair right on the spot if he can, or dismiss him with politeness if it is not in his power to comply with his request.

In Austria, the case which occurred the 6th of July, 1839, in —— would never be seen. I refer here to a visit paid by one of the foreign ministers, residing in Washington to the highest officer of the State of ——, who was an habitual drunkard, and received the foreign diplomatist, staggering. What an impression the sight of a governor almost sinking under a full dose of whiskey must have made? What will be said of such elections of the people?

I called, and shall again call this country an infant giant, as far as regards its athletic muscularity, or its astonishing strength and progress in the way of prosperity. Nothing is more admirable than their institutions, which were intended for a virtuous people, while from the time they were framed, a sad alteration has taken place. The difference between the spirit of the American institutions, and the way in which they are carried on, is unutterable; and although fortune has not changed with manners, every thing is to be dreaded where men rule laws, not laws men.

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A true republic is that where offices look for officers, and so was this commonwealth in its earliest days. I need not say how it is now; as I shall not say how their lawgivers act even in the avenue of the legislative hall. To those who not only would compare the United States, as they are, with Rome, but pretend to have surpassed it, I shall remember that Rome was about as old as this country, when Papirius and his colleagues struck the soldiers of Brennus with such awe, that they were about worshipping the grave senators of Querinus! Do not look at all events for a Pedaretus in the United States.

That there must be some muddy bottom in the stream of things in this country, is proved by the fact, that nothing is more calculated to appease the effervescence of *free-minded* people from abroad, than looking at liberty in its full might and splendor as it is here. A long residence in the United States would convert all those who dream of a republic in France, Germany, and every where else. I am sure I was radically cured of that disease; and I saw wonders performed even in cases that would have been judged, by the most experienced eye, unconquerable; nay, I do not know a single man of a certain standing in society (except people who come young to this country) who did not make a solemn recantation of their former views in politics. I am intimate with an exile who had been one of the strongest democrats of the age. Wishing to return home, he was told that he ought to write to his king, and make the usual apology. He sent, in effect, a letter to the king of ——, through his representative in the United States; and he closed it thus—"If I should dare give your majesty advice, I would say: send your disaffected here, and expect every thing from the *free air* of this country."

By far the greatest advocates of democracy are the idiots who land here *en masse*, and rave when they ruminate on their participation in the "sovereignty of the people." Such fellows would defy, when at the polls, all the crowned heads at once; they act like lambs, or they are led by some other fool a shade above them, who plays the shepherd; infatuated by pleasant nonsense, and ignorant of every thing, or under the warm inspiration of a horn or two, they cast their vote, and elect all officers, even the president. Strange as it may seem, very few foreigners of respectability go to the polls.

When the country was on its first rising, it was well understood to allure immigration by every means; but now the same considerations existing no longer, I agree with those

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who wish to have the naturalization-law repealed. According to my impressions, all civil rights should be granted to a foreigner after a short residence in the United States; but that of voting, never, or not until a permanent stay of at least ten or fifteen years; nor have the Americans, after all, to fear that this change in the constitution of the United States may check the tide of immigration, because what emigrants coming to these regions chiefly look for is bread!

Some associations were formed (called "Native American Society"), with the object of recommending to Congress the repeal of the law referring to aliens; it was, however, an immature, inconsiderate and impolitic step the Whigs took, since they gave the alarm to foreigners, the mass of whom instinctively bends towards the party which has the advantage of styling itself "Democratic." They ought to wait until they could rely upon being listened to by Congress: the result of the next great contest will very likely be endangered by this very step.

Let us go back to Italy, or make some allusions to the revolutionary movement of 1821 and 1831.

I know most of the leaders, as we say, "body and soul." They professed, of course, the usual principles which sound so grateful to the ear of the Italians. To drive away the Austrians was their first aim, and then to make of all Italy a single state. As regards hunting the Austrians, or defending themselves in case of an attack, they had neither arms, nor a centre of action. As to the so long wished-for reunion of that rich and, politically speaking, unfortunate country, it was but a dream, for the different elements whereof it is composed, alas! cannot cohere. An inveterate and shocking rivalry between province and province opposes an almost insurmountable obstacle to any durable coalition. The Piedmontese cannot bear the Lombard, the Sicilian hates the Neapolitan, the Romans do not mingle with the Tuscan; in short, they are all strangers, when they go beyond the boundaries of their own province or district. The different governments they had was always careful in keeping up the old Italian enmities, since to this policy they owe their existence. Who can now suppose that national spirit or pride may be amongst the virtues of the "old Romans?" I would most certainly not attempt to defend them on this score. The policy to divide them is not a dark, impenetrable mystery, not a subtle conception of a Machiavello, or a Talleyrand—it is as clear as the evening-star with a serene sky, and it was pointed to them in all times. Why did, or do they not defeat it? What prevents it?—want of public

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spirit. Sallustius said—strength, genius, virtue, renown circulate like money, and pass from one people to another. Genius and renown have never, nor will perhaps ever desert the "classical land," whilst strength and virtue are but reminiscences of the past. Similar in that to the Spaniards, they console themselves, with saying that "all other nations are *jealous* of them, that they fear too much seeing them ranking with the other European powers, and therefore keep the torch of discord burning amidst them." Fools! their own want of virtue and patriotism is charged to the account of an imaginary influence.

Nothing is more common than to hear the Italians accusing their governments of their own faults. Some project is brought forth; however, as none will ever concede or give up a point unless their private interest be connected with the interest or dignity of the country, such projects often fail; in which cases they abuse the government. A practical instance whereof is adduced by the projected rail-road between Milan and Venice. The subscription opened in the hottest moment of the contrivance, (it amounted to four millions of dollars,) and was filled in a trice. Application was made in the beginning of 1836 to the general government, for the charter of the company; which was granted; however they soon fell entangled into the labyrinth of private interests, and four years was spent in idle talking: if the late accounts I have received are correct, the work is considered almost impracticable, owing to the many highways, national, provincial and municipal roads, rivers, canals and streams intersecting the country. "It is impossible," says my friend, "to reconcile so many different interests." They will, however, sing the usual song:—"What can we do under such a government?"

The Americans are generally called "money-makers," which appellative makes some foreigners believe they are avaricious. The American is generally so gnawed by the anxiety of money-making, that he lives an unhappy life, and often shortens it; however, he is far from looking himself in his coffers. The American is generous, and always provides for the comforts of his family. An artisan will very often be much more liberal than many of my old wealthy countrymen, whose only generosity will, in many instances, consist in an outward show; not to mention that a man once in his downfall there, will struggle in vain, be he the best man in the world, for a rise.

The same narrowness is the order of the day in politics. I saw Count ——, the head of an extensive plot, and an

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exile at that time, shivering with cold rather than buy a cloak. He then avoided his political brethren for fear that some of them, who were in bad circumstances, should ask him for money. Should I tell the particulars of an occurrence in which the Marquis —— was concerned, and whereof I could call myself the principal or only witness, since the whole passed under my eyes, he would not thank me for it;—here is a brief sketch of the whole transaction.

While he was in the dungeons of ——, two guards were discharged, under strong suspicion of favouring his escape. One of them, a father of a large family, was reduced to the most distressed condition; he begged in the streets. When the Marquis —— saw the sun again, which had been shut out from him, it shone on a property of two millions of dollars (which there is equal to at least five millions in the United States). The destitute fellow, knowing that I corresponded with the pardoned prisoner, applied to me; I willingly interposed my good offices; and was promised at last—fifty dollars!

Men who, after having been buried alive fifteen years, and come out misers, ought never to be called patriots, since they defile the essence of their cause.

There was in Paris and in Brussels some Italian counts and marquises, all *émigrés*, at whose school the most absolute sovereigns of Europe could well send their children to learn *perfect* aristocracy; they would nowhere else have them so completely educated. Indeed, I laughed sincerely in looking at those people, who made Austria, one of the most powerful countries in the world, tremble. Well might, for the rest, all such mistaken characters be satisfied on the whole, for they acquired a sort of celebrity, which they never would have otherwise grasped.

I should, however, do injustice to my country, were I not to say that there are in the files of the Italian patriots some beautiful characters, who not only command esteem, but veneration. I remember them with the greatest delight, inasmuch as they in some measure vindicate Italy, or erase the stains reflected upon her by the mass of the Italian political refugees who wander through Europe.

There is nothing so disgraceful to my native country, as the bands of *liberali*, who, placed themselves at the charge of the English, French, and Belgians. The way in which they answered a truly noble and generous effort of an association of English gentlemen, who, in the autumn of 1837, made up a fund of ten thousand pounds, and succored them, is so humiliating for any one having a truly Italian heart,

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that my pen would drop should I attempt to tell the particulars of that detestable transaction.

A very eloquent characteristic of the last political commotion of Italy is, that the provinces which have standing armies of their own did not move at all. I should call the *echaufforée* of 1831 a gaseous expansion of juvenile minds, excited or provoked by the treacherous principle of *non-intervention*, which Gen. Sebastiani, then minister of the foreign department, proclaimed, to serve the selfish and faithless policy of the French government.

The now emperor of Austria set the example of a system of conciliation, which the other sovereigns of Italy have also adopted. Notwithstanding that, the Italians will try, and fail again. Mark me! Italy can do nothing, except by placing herself in the rear of a general uproar and confusion; and even then the Italians ought to be very attentive, lest their beautiful and so much coveted peninsula should fall anew a prey to some other rapacious vulture.

Some will say the picture I have drawn of the political susceptibility of my native country is sad; but, would to heaven that my arguments were wrong or mistaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

Present resources of Mexico—Mexico *versus* Texas—What Texas is—Journey from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz—Puebla.—Gen. Urrea in the Castle of Perote—Jalapa—Vera Cruz—St. Juan de Ulua, and former opinion in regard to its strength—Gen. Rincon and the French storming—Conduct of the Mexican soldiery—Opinion of Col. Soto about Ulua—The force of prejudice—The Kentuckians—Wearing arms and its consequences—Erroneous notions on murders and murderers which prevail in some of the United States.

Let us return again to Mexico. I would dissuade any one from going there with the project of making a fortune; at least, now. Its resources are so much dried up that a man in any capacity can do much better in the United States.

The beginning of any profession or trade in Mexico is accompanied with numberless obstacles. The facility of "making a start," which in common times is so remarkable in this country, is totally unknown there. A man of moral qualifications, will, under any circumstances, be assisted

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here; nor can the Americans be too much praised for their generous dispositions. A person wanting any thing in Mexico, will be told to call *manana* or to-morrow; and either their clocks stop, or their days are made up with countless hours. The Mexicans do not know that "procrastination is the thief of time." Their inborn indolence shows itself on all occasions. The Right Rev. Bishop of New-Orleans wished to have the certificate of the death of an Armenian priest who was "gathered to his fathers" in the city of Mexico. I made application to the "head-quarters" there, but could not obtain it, and left that city with the agreement that it should be sent to me in Vera Cruz, where again I was disappointed.

Some of my readers will not perhaps have me to close my observations upon Mexico, without saying something in reference to Texas and to the probable intercourse between those two countries.

I am aware of the interest which Americans profess for the prosperity of Texas. I know it is like "to hit the nail on the head" in making any allusion to that new country; yet I shall not hesitate speaking my opinion about it.

Texas being an American creation, there was a sort of frenzy prevalent among the people of the United States for any thing having reference to that new-born republic, which has, however, greatly subsided. It had been extolled to the sky; there was no region in the world so beautiful and fertile; no climate on earth was better than that of Texas. It was christened the "Italy of North America." In the midst of such pompous descriptions, some arose and impugned their veracity; but there was no resisting the current of public opinion; such writers were silenced, or their accounts died away unnoticed.

I have not been in Texas; but I have had many opportunities to converse about it with foreigners of respectability, including some calm Americans.

Texas has been mistaken. It is the land of flowers, not of fruits; it is beautiful, not productive; even lately an American, from Elizabethtown, Kentucky, confirmed my impressions, that its wide territory is almost good for nothing. He owns land there, and went to Texas many times.

The same inconvenience, peculiar to Mexico, is common to Texas—that of being poorly watered; whilst there remains to Mexico the advantage of having some sections of its territory which cannot be surpassed by any in fertility. Potable or drinking water is still scarcer, and worse in Texas than Mexico.

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The farms bordering the rivers are the best in Texas; but the evil of sudden inundations is connected therewith.

The same diseases which make havoc in the Western States of the American Union, thin the Texian population, which was visited last year by a very unwelcome stranger—the yellow fever.

As for myself, I confess I do not see the seeds of the rise of such a country. A fact which says a great deal, and can be very easily verified by looking at the New-Orleans papers, is the arrival at the latter place of about as many passengers as leave it on their way to the Texian ports; nor can I pay the compliment to Texas of presuming such people curious visitors, as its social configuration is like that of any new country, more repulsive than attractive. I therefore look on those who return to the United States as upon disappointed people.

The Americans say the population of Texas increases very fast; however, were it not for the farmers from Mississippi and other States, who were driven off by "hard times," and went with their negroes to Texas, its population, according to the accounts I obtained, would be either stationary or on the decline. The worst is, that they have almost no women —that pillar of society which ennobles and elevates it.

The Texian dollar is worth *fourteen cents* of New-Orleans money, which is, at the time I am writing, subject to a discount of from six to seven per cent. for its conversion into specie.

Many will not like what I have said about Texas, but I cannot help it: they will perhaps look for a compensation in my accounts on the present standing of Mexico towards its rebellious colony.

Once in three or six months you will never miss seeing the report that "Mexico is about recognizing Texas;" please take them as visions of some Texian landholders, because the Mexicans will never think of it.

I had the curiosity to know, and tried to discover the intentions of the Mexican government in reference to Texas, but could not make out any thing positive; what I think I could perceive is, that they will try again for the recovery of that domain. I even overheard that the command of a new expedition had been some time ago offered to a general who declined it on the ground that no new attempt must be made without judicious preparatious and adequate means. As soon, then, as they are ready (and they will never be until their domestic broils be appeased), they will, I have no doubt, invade Texas. What the result will be, it is rather

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hard to say in advance, while as to the project itself, I consider it quite natural.

If Texas were in other hands, being as I briefly described it to be, it would either fade away by itself, or subsist in the form of a skeleton; but, the Anglo-Irish-German-French-Saxon race is not so easily dispirited. Other people in their place, though left undisturbed, would say "let us go back to our country; it has as much virgin land and much better than we can get here; it wants population very much, and we could contribute to the increasing prosperity of our dear home." Not so the go-aheads who inhabit Texas. They will stick as long as they can to the country made by themselves. Should the Mexicans fear nothing beyond a peaceable occupation of that territory which was theirs, it would not ultimately be a great calamity, but the restless temper of such neighbours would never allow them a moment of rest.

The Anglo-mixt descendants, the sons of the pioneers of the West, must, at all events, run for adventures; if the country is poor, in order to make some valuable addition to it; if the country thrives, for the boldness which their prosperity would inspire them with; not to mention that Mexico has a fatal attraction for adventurers in its gold and silver fountains. Be it as it may, the Texians are there to vex the Mexicans, whose policy must be to make every effort and sacrifice in their power to free themselves of such troublesome borderers. Self preservation suggests to them this course. If the Mexicans fail again, they will have to deplore their fate; but, if they do not try, they will answer to posterity for the evils which shall inevitably weigh on their beautiful country. So much for Texas.

I left the city of Mexico for Puebla on the 20th of March. This city once rivalled Tenochtitlan in industry, commerce and population: as concerns industry, it is, even now, ahead of the capital. Many cotton, wool, paper, china, glass and iron manufactories are in full activity in Puebla, which might be called the Manchester of the Mexican republic. Its commerce is quite flourishing.

Though not to be compared with the capital in extent, Puebla is superior to it in the regularity of the streets and buildings, as well as in neatness and in an external appearance of comfort: the sight of a stranger is not offended there by so many emaciated and nasty looking creatures as in the city of Mexico.

The governor had issued an ordinance, whereby all the owners of houses in Puebla were compelled to paint them

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externally, and, as the work was far advanced at the time I was in that city, it contributed to make it look much prettier.

Society is said to be better in Puebla than in the capital; and, were it not for the dominant hypocrisy, methinks, I should prefer making my residence in the second than in the first city of the Mexican republic.

In due honor to general Codallios, I must repeat here the observation I made to him in reference to the troops within his district, that are much better clad and kept than in the capital.

The population of Puebla is almost entirely Mexican. It wants to shake off the prejudices which keep it in a state of blind submission to the clergy.

Puebla is similar to the capital in not having standing monuments worthy of notice.

Its cathedral is a small temple, but of an exquisite architecture, and the *cipreso*, or great altar, is second in richness to none. Churches are not so numerous there as in Mexico. They have, as in the capital, beautiful promenades, massy palaces, hospitals and other benevolent institutions.

The climate of Puebla is cooler than that of Mexico: the vegetation all around is of striking beauty.

I noticed before my visit to the tomb of general Mejia, which is at a farm on the right side of the road between Omozoque and La Venta del Pinal. On my way to the Napoluca the rain caught me, in consequence of which, as soon as I got to the last place, I gave up my horse to one of the dragoons who escorted me, in order to repair into a house and warm myself; but, in going back to see how my horse was taken care of, I perceived that a bundle I had tied behind my saddle had been touched, and, on a closer inspection, I found missing a few dollars, a breast-pin and some other articles. Angry that one of the very soldiers who were to protect me from robbers should rob me, I expostulated with the sergeant who commanded the post, and recovered my breast-pin, nothing more; well could I, however, have spared the trouble of claiming a part, as, between Santa Fé and Vera Cruz, I was robbed of the whole bundle; wherewith I lost my passport, some introductions for Vera Cruz and Havanna, besides a pocket memorandum book, which would have assisted me in the compilation of this little work.

At Perote I went to deliver my introduction to the commander of the castle, in order to change my escort and proceed. There I saw general Urrea walking in a corri-

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dor on which the commander's habitation opened. I heard there was some apprehension of a *pronunciamento*, or revolution, as being near to take place among the garrison of the castle, but nothing occurred.

In pursuing my way to Jalapa, I asked my escort about general Urrea, and could plainly see that the latter had many friends among the soldiery. They said he had plenty of money, and that when a soldier wanted succor he had only to apply to the prisoner to obtain it. Now, if the assertion be true, as from the way it came it is likely to be, those who call the Mexican rulers "tyrants" ought to look in the dictionary for some other appellative, better in accordance with their witless conduct.

The indecision shown by the Mexican government touching general Urrea is unaccountable. His case was clear enough to cause a sentence, whatever it might be, to be pronounced in twenty-four hours after he was seized. People say, the government dare not condemn him; the greatest probability, nevertheless, is, that some golden key has been successfully tried at the door of his judges.*

* My work was ready when the news came that the federalists had made an attempt upon the city of Mexico, which resulted in a new complete failure, and served only to plunge in deeper distress that country.

I did not make a single alteration in it; only I wished to add an account of the aforementioned new disturbances. As I passed lately through Washington, I made application to the Mexican commissioners now sitting there, but I could not obtain any satisfactory information: however, by the little I could see through the Mexican papers, I think what follows can be safely asserted.

General Urrea was sent from Perote to the capital. His start and arrival in the city of Mexico were announced by the papers of New Orleans in moving notes, because, as they said, he was thrown at the mercy of the Inquisition. (To speak of Inquisition in Mexico at this time, would be the same as to speak of gendarmerie in the United States.)

His removal was, no doubt, the work of the same hands which supplied him with money whilst a state prisoner in the castle of Perote.

If those who govern Mexico are tyrants, what stupid tyrants must they not be? since, immediately after the acquittal of general Urrea, (another issue of the cabalistic manœuvres of his party) they were taken themselves by surprise in their head quarters.

The release of the acquitted federalist chief was the signal of the revolt. The president of the republic, general Filisola, and other high officers were taken prisoners, and saw their lives in danger.—Bustamente behaved gallantly. The civil war broke out; a simultaneous attack was directed by the federalists against different points; much blood was shed; many innocent victims were immolated to the rage of party; several public and private buildings were reduced into heaps of ruins; the property of many harmless citizens was

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The country around Jalapa displays such a luxuriant fecundity of soil as none can imagine unless on seeing it, while the city itself is rather a dull looking place. Jalapa is said to be the most hospitable city in that country, and is, probably, the cheapest place too.

I arrived at length in Vera Cruz. That city has continued falling ever since the expulsion of the Spanish government, and seems almost depopulated. Were it kept clean it would be a pretty place; but, every thing is in a state of abandonment and decay. Vera Cruz is celebrated for its sickly climate, and some call it "the abode of death." So pestiferous and destructive is the atmosphere, that meat decomposes instantly; they must, therefore, as soon as they kill an animal, salt it: and so loaded is the air with oxygen, that it eats away iron and other metals in a short time.

The zopilote, a bird very common through Mexico, answers in Vera Cruz the purpose of purging the air of insects and miasmas. There is a fine of twenty-five dollars for killing any such bird, while they are careless about filthiness heaped up or stagnant in the streets, which must do more harm than the zopilotes do good.

A foreigner, full of fancy about that "land of promise," who first lands at Vera Cruz, must be almost frightened by its desolate appearance. The barrenness which is to be seen all around chills a looker-on. Some *nopals* alone grow on the sandy mountains that gather upon the shore, as if to relieve the desert prospect of an entirely sterile and dreary nature.

I saw in Vera Cruz old general Victoria, who was the first president of the republic of Mexico, and is now commander of that department or province.

I visited the fort of St. Juan de Ulua, which is situated on an island in front of Vera Cruz, at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The Spaniards spared no money in its construction; yet, it is an old concern, and it was nonsense to call it, as the French did, after they made it surrender, "the Gibraltar of America, the queen of the seas, virgin of all stains."

As far back as 1805, general Constanzó, in a report to

destroyed, and the end of all that, confirmed my impression that federalism is not popular in Mexico

General Urrea was allowed to leave the country, which he will, of course, re-visit sword in hand at the first opportunity. Poor Mexico! how thy fate deserves pity! When the intelligence of the insurrection reached Santa Anna, he offered his services, which were declined; an event that happened, also, in perfect accordance with my notions about the present popularity of the "Mexican Napoleon."

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the Spanish vice-king, Iturragaray, bearing the date of the 28th of November, informed him that the castle could not be held against an attack from a strong fleet. Still farther back, or in 1775, a committee composed of two Spanish generals and three colonels, who had been sent purposely by their government to examine the state of the castle, and determine upon the forces necessary for its defence, reported that, to make it tenable, Ulua should be garrisoned by seventeen hundred infantry, five hundred artillery and two hundred and twenty-eight sailors, besides a strong fleet; now, the means of offensive warfare having progressed so much since that time, no one could reasonably expect that Ulua would hold out against the French squadron, even if the Mexicans should have been properly prepared to receive the enemy; but they were not. The number of their cannons was not half the complement required, or there were one hundred and seventy-seven, instead of three hundred and sixty; and what is still worse, they had no proper hands to manage them. I need not speak of the poor navy they had, as it is well known.

I have not the least intention to raise any doubt with respect to the French attack: it was gallantly and skilfully conducted. I shall say, however, that their strategy, or the incontestable superiority of the means of attack compared with the means of defence, was enough to make the victory certain. There was the usual charge of cowardice against the Mexicans; however, all eye-witnesses attest that neither before nor after the crash of the *caballero alto*, the "poor devils" ever ceased firing and falling.

I do not pretend to say on whom the blame lays, inasmuch as Gen. Rincon was brought before a court martial, and acquitted; but many inexcusable faults were committed on that occasion. One of them was the confidence that the enemy's large men-of-war could not, on account of the shallow water, approach the weakest side of the fortress so near as to fire with effect, while precisely from thence did the French fire most effectually. Another great, nay unaccountable mistake was, that of leaving a part of the infantry directly exposed to the destructive fire of the French, on a redoubt only sheltered by a low parapet, wherefrom they could not molest the enemy, whilst the French artillery swept them away; still they did not fly! and I would ask, if behaving as the Mexicans did, they deserve the scorn wherewith they are treated; but when men, or I should even say nations, adopt any erroneous opinion, it must survive them. Should all Mexicans turn out as many

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Hectors, their reputation on this head would not be easily reinstated.

Some of the outworks of Ulua had been since repaired; yet the fort is altogether in a pitiful state. Col. Soto, the present commander of that castle, made a very judicious report upon the convenience of holding or abandoning that fortress. "Ulua," says he, "would be of no use, unless having certain repairs and additions made; but where is the money to complete them? Where are the funds to create a navy? He suggests, therefore, the erection of new and strong ramparts, besides an accurate repair of the now sinking fortifications of Vera Cruz, giving up Ulua entirely. What they will do it is too uncertain to anticipate; the wisest course is, however, but too seldom followed in that country. Gen. Filisola, recommended the abandonment of Ulua some ten or fifteen years ago.

The Mexicans will probably dislike some of my observations and accounts; but I had not the remotest intention to court them, as it would indeed be my last thought with regard to any people or person. I am then persuaded that only by pointing at the abuses of a country a man may expect to be relied upon in his representation of what is laudable in it. My chief object was to eradicate some prejudices in existence against Mexico; although I cannot flatter myself much with the hope of success. A mark once stamped upon a nation centuries will not efface; and without going far for evidence, I shall speak of the general impressions prevalent at New-Orleans and most of the Southern States, in reference to the Kentuckians. The word "Kentuck" conveys generally mean, very mean connexions; however, I have travelled a great deal through the United States, and I call Kentucky my favourite State. The kindness, hospitality and politeness I met with there, I have not found anywhere else in this country.

The first Kentuckians who went down the river with flat boats to sell flour and tobacco, account for the prejudices existing against Kentucky. They were a set of desperadoes, or of that low cast which generally flock to new settlements. Since that time the Kentuckians have become polished; so much so that no other State in the Union (making due allowance for the difference of population) can muster as many talented statesmen, lawyers and divines as Kentucky.

To reduce in the mind of man all things to their real value, would be to attain what is inconsistent with human nature—the dream of all sages, perfection. There is a charge preferred against my native country—the use of dag-

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gers; however, entire provinces or states can be pointed at in Italy, where hardly one in five hundred persons carries even a penknife in his pocket; while in the United States scarcely a youth goes into the street without a dagger, dirk, poinard, knife, or bowie-knife, which could be called an improvement on the Italian stilletto.

In Italy (with exception of few provinces) the laws against carrying arms or selling them are inexorable; here they sell murderous weapons as freely or unconcernedly as they do bibles; and we must be sure that many, if not most of the lamentable occurrences we read daily in the papers, are chiefly caused by the non-enforcement of the law against wearing arms. In some places men will be seen in houses of public resort picking their teeth with a dagger, as I saw them in New-Orleans, without producing the least sensation on the other persons present.

The *vendetta* or revenge was once in Italy, and is still in some of its islands, a dreadful minister of death; however, it is very questionable which is worse, the *vendetta* or the facility with which death-blows are struck in the United States for *real trifles*. The most insignificant difficulty a man gets into here, he resorts to arms, and hence so many cold, startling, bloody transactions.

Will ever these prejudices against the modern Kentuckians or Italians—who are no longer the Italians or Kentuckians of old—disappear? I expect, never.

Some will remark how often I lay a stress on the number of crimes which take place in the United States. I shall now allude to the causes of bloodshed in this country, besides that of letting the offenders go unpunished. Not that I intend to justify such deplorable events; but to show that there does not exist full reason to accuse the whole nation of acts which are but partial and misrepresented.

As every one knows there is a notable difference in this respect between the old and new States. In the old settlements of the country, where from the remotest time people acknowledged the salutary supremacy of laws, only persons of the lowest description think of bowie-knives or pistols to settle their differences in a summary way; in the new States, sad as it may be, it is unfortunately, if not general, at least common to all classes. We must, however, remember the circumstances under which they formed themselves, and grew to their present standing.

We should really be unjust were we to forget that such States, where the life of a man is at any time jeopardized as a mere nothing, little more than half a century ago were

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hunting-grounds of the "red race." At that time a few "pale faces," or adventurers, first explored those distant regions, and paid with the life of their dearest, if not with their own, for the soil of which they took possession, and which they bequeathed, wet with Indian blood, to their sons.

None must dream of associating any noble feeling or generous instinct with the dissipated and lawless people who first crossed the mountains to challenge the Indian tomahawk. A daring temper was the only requisite of those who embarked in such expeditions. Had they possessed any ornamental quality, they would have failed; since it was not a regular war they were to wage against the "tenants of the wilderness," but a murderous warfare they sought to carry through the country to strip the aborigines of their property: nor can a few honorable characters which sprung up from among that set of low creatures, change the color of the whole.

During the time the invaders could escape being scalped only by butchering the red men, they had no more laws than freebooters; and when their work of pillage was achieved, when the noble warriors had been driven off from their native ground, they constituted nothing else but a wretched assemblage of people who, accustomed to spill human blood, whenever any contest arose among them turned their arms against each other, against their acquaintance, neighbor, friend, or relation. Force had given them the land and all they had, force was to decide every controversy.

Many pioneers, in order to secure to themselves a wife (the article was then very much in demand) were too often placed in the necessity of defying the combined attacks of a troop of disappointed candidates. It is horrible to hear of eyes pulled out, noses, ears, lips, chins bitten off, and other similar savage acts performed, when bodily strength was the supreme power.

In the midst of such a confusion, emigrants from the old States, as well as from abroad, made for the backwoods, for the promised virgin land of the West. They brought with them the germs of society; and laws began to take the place of the code which the first settlers had written on the blade of their knives.

Things proceeded more smoothly, and went on always better and better; however, the impression of the epoch in which, there being no tribunal, every one was himself the law, the judge and the executioner, is too fresh in the minds of the people of the States to which I refer, to pretend that such false notions of right may be altogether effaced.

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It is a matter of deep mortification to see that not only among the unprincipled—who know no human, social, or divine restriction—erroneous impressions prevail, but with society at large. In nearly all countries of Europe, he who takes another man's life will have a great deal to do to escape either expiating his crime on a scaffold, or there existing extenuating circumstances, confinement with hard labor for many years, if not all his life; even a man who undesignedly kills a fellow-being, will suffer some punishment, which in the mind of the judge is intended to make him and others more cautious. In the new American States, on the contrary, a great deal is required before any punishment whatever be inflicted, even on the most cold-blooded murderer.

I recollect a warm conversation I had with a good fellow about a case in which a man, who was threatened with some blows, had supplied himself with a pair of pistols, which he carried in his pockets, with the intention of shooting his assaulter. Thanks to the interference of some friends, the affair was settled; but we were talking as if the attack had taken place, and in the supposition that the agressor had forfeited his life; my clever friend insisted upon the right of the other to kill him; nay, he maintained that no jury could be found that would condemn the murderer. "I for the first," said he, "would rather starve than agree to punish such a man."

My friend's opinion in similar cases would express the views of the whole community west of the Alleghany mountains. Such events happen there weekly, if not daily. Shall I add that, under the same circumstances, but few magistrates would take notice of the occurrence? I myself remarked three instances of the kind, in which public opinion absolved the murderers, and spared them the trouble of even a mock trial.

Louis XIV said once, "I am the law:" there almost every one will say so. Persons are to be pointed at in the Southern, Western and Middle States of America who have killed many a man, and whose reputation was by no means affected; on the contrary, they often rose higher in public estimation; partly for the fear they impress, but mostly because people will say of them, "he is a strong man, a brave fellow!"

It is a fact of public notoriety of an individual of high station who, on his way to his betrothed (she lived in another State) despatched in an affray a man or two, and who, in the interval between his bloody exploit and his trial, mar-

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ried the young lady. Where else would, at the present day, a female of any account accept a hand recently crimsoned with human blood? I say, nowhere in the civilized world. This, however, not only happened in ——, but it did not create any sensation; and when the same man, having of course been acquitted, went home, a meeting was called, and resolutions were passed to "compliment him on the courage he had displayed, and to assure him of his fellow-citizens' unchanged consideration."

I have indeed no design, and had I any, I should be at a loss how to palliate such events. That man, and every other such man may, during their short pilgrimage through the stage of this world, mock justice with impunity; there exists, however, *another* tribunal, where none are admitted to give bail, and with whose head none can expect to trifle. I wished to point at the wrong conceptions which are connected with such frightful transactions, whereby every one who, being insulted, does not shoot at his opponent, is branded with infamy.

I cannot let pass unnoticed a remark I heard from many persons about perhaps the best qualified private teacher in the State of ——. "We acknowledge he is so," said they, "but we shall never send our children to his school, for he pretends that when any one of his pupils is wronged by others, the sufferer must refer to him, and let him punish the offenders. By not allowing our children to settle their disputes by themselves, he makes them *cowards!*"

It is of the highest moment that such false notions should give place to right ones; and all really correct men ought to join their efforts to put a stop to the levity with which murders are perpetrated, misunderstood and judged; inasmuch as, amidst the general progress of society, not much improvement on this head is evinced in the States of which I am speaking. I heard some say that it has been worse and worse for the last four or five years; although I know some places where that false chivalric spirit, whereby to kill a man is about the same as to kill a dog, has greatly subsided. The "hard times" have had perhaps the power of cooling the people, and bringing them to more inoffensive habits.

The subject ought to be so seriously contemplated as to induce all parents and instructors to exert their influence and authority early, to impress youth with different ideas of the true rights of man: the pulpit and the press should do the rest to crown the noble effort. Let the intercourse with every man, who is not himself a scoundrel, be cut off from the murderer; the curse of his fellow-beings will prove by

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itself a strong restraint to others, until punishment, treading upon the the heel of the offence, may keep bullies in awe, and grant to justice full control over a fatal prejudice that places sometimes even peaceable men at the mercy of any villain; or to avoid it and shun public infamy, obliges them to become murderers.

CHAPTER IX.

Voyage from Vera Cruz to Havanna—Americans who winter there—Remarks on the physical constitution of the people of the United States—Commerce in Havanna—Spanish troops in the island of Cuba—Its climate, diseases, and necessary precautions—Prince of Angloua, the present governor of that island—Police in Havanna—Houses there—Clergy—Lotteries—Steam Ships—Rail Roads—Manners.

I sailed from Vera Cruz, on the 3rd of April, for Havanna, on board the Villanueva, captain Gomez, (a Spanish packet-schooner). The treatment was splendid. I shall, by the way, be permitted to remark, that there were fifteen passengers; but I never before saw such a casual collection of deformed beings. They were all Spaniards and Mexicans. I once thought of counting their eyes, and found but twenty-three; so that there was an average of about one eye and a half each passenger, instead of two.

At the distance of one hundred miles from the island of Cuba, we fell in with the British brig Racer, whose commander sent an officer on board to see if we were "dealers in coal," as slavers are called. Next day we fell in with a corvette, likewise belonging to the British navy; so that I perceived they kept a pretty sharp watch on the dealers in human flesh.

The evening of the 19th we were hailed by the *Castel del Mors*. As it was Holy Friday, according to the custom of catholic countries, all bells were muffled. In Havanna carriages are not allowed to run during the commemoration of our Lord's death; although a curious contrast was exhibited by the vibrating notes of a military band, playing within musket-shot from the place where the schooner rode at anchor. Every person, even if residing in Havanna, (ladies excepted) must give a guarantee whereupon the writ of landing is signed by the governor. There had been much talk about such formality during the passage. It can even be called a *mere* formality, since the person who stands

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security does not pledge himself in a way to incur any serious obligation; however, as they said, it was enforced with extreme rigor, no passenger being allowed to land unless after having obtained the *papeleta* or ~~import~~.

A guard was put on board, who was intrusted with the special care of watching the passengers; but I soon found I was in a Spanish country, for I saw half-a-dozen of our passengers, who, after *shaking hands* with the *faithful* guard, went smoothly ashore, perhaps to take the *papeleta* themselves!

I do not pretend to dwell much on Havanna, as it is a place so well known to the Americans, and only one of the letters of introduction which I had, was saved from the loss of my bundle. I shall, however, point at what mostly fixed my attention there; and my accounts may not prove void of interest, for the Americans, who winter in that city, are generally haggard, pale, thin, coughing, and blood-spitting people; who have enough to do with their physicians to see if their lease of life can be lengthened, and do not care much for the pretty *Havanneras*, or anything else not in their way.*

* It is astonishing how generally weak and poor is the young and rising generation of the United States, especially west of the Alleghanies. I do not, here, compare them with the stout and vigorous people from the North, but from the south of Europe. Except some old men, who challenge every youth, the American population is mostly composed of faint, delicate, and sickly persons. During my residence here and there, I scarcely met with any of my acquaintances without hearing some past or present complaint:—the wet weather, the dry season, the dust, the air, and the rain, as well as the least disorder, will affect them. Among ladies, you see such handsome creatures, who strike you at first sight; but, if you proceed to analyze them, they are glasses which a breath will cloud—their countenance betokens the extreme of feebleness. An American at thirty years of age is generally worn out; at forty he is old; nor do I refer to dissipated, but to sober persons. I do not think there is another country where one encounters so many young widows and widowers as in the United States. When an American contracts a serious malady after being thirty-five or forty years old, he very seldom gets through it. Consumption, that fatal disease, which, without mercy, cuts off so many green trees whilst in their full bloom, and is often transmitted from generation to generation, preys dreadfully upon this country. The whole demands the accurate investigations of medical men. I shall, in the meantime, mention some among the causes, of those which can be detected by unprofessional eyes and minds. One of the most incontestable and principal causes is, their early marriages, it being very common to see in this country girls entering upon the duties of mothers at the age of fifteen, and even before. By force of a destructive prejudice, it is considered almost a shame for an American young lady to attain, unmarried, the age of eighteen or twenty. They forget, however, that in accord-

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Havanna is one of the most delightful places I ever saw. The brilliancy of the sky, the commanding view of the sea, the gaiety of the evergreen environs, the spacious basin with its forest of masts, evincing the extensive trade of the place, and a kind of prosperity which shows itself at every step, render that city highly agreeable and interesting.

The spirit of commerce and enterprise which distinguishes the Americans, presents itself in all ports of the island of Cuba, where there are generally more American vessels than vessels of all other nations put together.

Very strange is the system in which the commerce of importation is carried on in Havanna. There are companies, mostly, or altogether, carried on by Catalans, which attend to an exclusive branch, without any interference with each other. They purchase full cargoes, and then sell them to the retailers. It is, therefore, a monopoly, for should the consignee of a cargo, or part of it, ever try to sell the goods to the retailers himself, he would find but few, or the rich, who alone would trade with him; the others being bound to keep good with the companies would never listen

ance with the laws of nature, before thinking of making others' bones they must make their own. Next comes tight lacing, whereby they so unmercifully compress their ribs and breast, as to prevent digestion; next to it there is the carelessness or indulgence in allowing children to eat what they please, in consequence of which, during the fruit season, more than half of the children are sick. Then comes the post-haste eating, and the general avidity for meat, upon which Americans feed almost exclusively; then, with the Americans, every dish must be strongly spiced, and every beverage strong as it can be; not to mention, that salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, and whatever stimulates, is used with profusion even by tender persons. I never saw, except in the United States, young ladies eating bread and salt, or salt alone. I felt particulary sorry for one of them, a most amiable creature, who was, alas, already in the grasp of consumption and ate salt. The practice of eating bread as hot as they can bear, is prejudicial too; and last, not least, the immoderate use of calomel, which is (I speak chiefly of the West and South) administered for every disease, that is to say, from a congestive fever, or bowel complaint, down to a tooth-ache or a sore finger. When they send for a physician it is only to know how much calomel they must take. I have known a great many children six or seven years old, who had already taken from one hundred and fifty to two hundred grains of that pernicious medicine. Many Americans grow up, literally, saturated with mercury. But the most unaccountable extravagancy among sick persons in the United States is seen, when, although seriously indisposed, they take their regular meals as if they were well; on the very death-bed they will alternately swallow slices of their favorite ham or bacon, and some pills—they will drink a cup of strong tea or coffee, on a potion, or *vice versa*. As a nation, the Americans have the advantage of being, perhaps, alone, in eating and drinking to their last moment.

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to him. How far this mode of dealing be advantageous to a business place like Havanna, I leave others to say.

The island of Cuba being a source of great profit to its mother-country, Spain, to watch this jewel of its crown, keeps constantly there an army of between twenty-five and thirty thousand soldiers. The capital alone, including the different forts around it, has a garrison of twelve thousand men of all arms, so elegantly dressed that I could hardly believe my eyes, comparing them with the soldiery I saw in Spain. The contrast, however, is easily explained by the infinite difference existing between the Peninsula and Cuba: one, a sick, decaying body; the other, daily diffusing new vigor and life through its many arteries. If the troops in Havanna are as brave as they are richly mounted and handsome looking, I do not know; but at the interment of a captain of a frigate, I remarked that the infantry displayed to pay the last honors to the demised officer, executed a couple of volleys so badly as to discredit even a body of raw recruits in other countries.

One cannot move in Havanna without seeing relics of Tacon. The city in itself is not pretty; yet since they had him as governor it is clean, which greatly contributes to its present healthy state. Even the yellow fever, formerly so much dreaded, has in some way abated, or is not any longer dangerous, provided the person who is taken sick hastens, as soon as he feels the first symptoms of the invasion, to the well-known remedies. Many among those who are attacked by the disease will pass safe through it, with the assistance of some old nurses alone. There are also ladies who, animated by the most honorable spirit of philanthropy, will nurse strangers, and feel proud to restore them without any medical assistance.

Much is said in favor of the climate of Havanna, and its cooling periodical breeze; it was, however, oppressively warm at the time I was there. As in all hot regions, baths are good for the health. Some care must be taken to drink neither pure nor cold water, nor to indulge in fruits, nor to drink after having eaten certain fruits. One must beware of exposing one's self to *coups d'air* when in a perspiration, and of never drinking water after a cup of chocolate. A new visiter to Havanna has in short to store his mind with a list of little precautions in order to get along suitably with the exigencies of the climate.

Living is dearer than in New-Orleans, while poultry, meat, bread and many other articles are very indifferent.

Foreigners generally take up their lodgings in the sub-

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urbs or extra-muros, where there seems to be more liveliness than in the city: although there is a general complaint of a deficiency of social spirit.

Some military bands played by turns every evening at the *plaza de armas*, where I was greatly amused by those nocturnal melodies echoing amidst a crowd of partly sitting, partly walking beauties. The Havanneros are very fond of music, and do not want much to become intelligent. They have almost constantly a tolerably good Italian opera.

Prince d'Anglona, the present governor, follows the steps of Tacon; and, as it is well known, there is much more facility to keep up, than to make a good road. He is particularly severe against gambling. Not long before I was there, he caused the names of some persons who had been found in a house of the kind, to be published in the papers, besides subjecting them to the usual fine for such transgressions.

There are lotteries, which are monopolized by the government; they are drawn semi-monthly, and are properly conducted. It is an indirect tax on the people—true; but they are not swindling contrivances or rat-traps to the incredulous, like in the United States, where people never see any winner of large premiums noticed, whilst runaway schemers are often advertised; and I chiefly refer here to the Great Real Estate Lottery of Louisiana, whereby one Sylvester and associates duped the public.

Wearing arms is an offence liable to six years of "forced works" in Havanna, where public order is never troubled. During the night there are *serènos*, or hour and weather tellers, who act as watchmen, and arrest any person they meet with in the streets after ten or eleven o'clock, unless they know him, or find the reason given for his being out so late creditable. Such transgressors, as well as drunkards are irrevocably fined. After a certain hour, according to the season, all negroes must be at home, while no assembly of coloured people is allowed after sunset; not even two can walk together, or stand in the streets.

In building houses they go entirely for solidity: none of the large palaces where the nobility live are elegant; while their porticos are invariably *adorned* with sugar-boxes or coffee-bags.

The Havanneros, or ladies of Havanna, are, like the Spaniards, rather small as regards height, but plump, supple and graceful: black eyes and diminutive feet are articles in great abundance there. Ladies never go even the least distance, except in their *quitrin* or *volante* (a long cabriolet), whose construction is somehow odd, although they are very

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easy and often elegant. Only the nobility are permitted to drive a coach and pair.

It is a strange sight to see in some houses which have no portico, the street-door opening on the parlor, and the *volante* forming part of the furniture: that is not all; the horse or horses must pass through the parlor to go to the stable, and it frequently happens that these noble, but uneducated animals forget in their passage every respect they owe to the collected company; a shameful event of the kind, too odd to be passed over, was witnessed by me. Its very oddness entices me to relate it, and will apologize, I hope, for a breach of propriety.

The company was numerous, and every thing bespoke that mirth which is always exhibited at the end of a good family dinner, when the coffee was served. The ladies were to go *al paseo de Tacon* immediately after dinner, and the *volantes* of course were to be ready. A horse which had not learnt the *Galateo* (a work written by Mr. Della Casa, of Florence, in the sixteenth century to warn people against what is inconsistent with good breeding), in crossing the parlor just at that time, took the liberty of spreading so strange and strong a smell, as to supersede the balmy fragrance of the smoking beverage.

Let us proceed to some more substantial argument.

I saw many institutions advertised, but I had not the opportunity of visiting any.

Tacon placed the clergy on a standing that becomes the ministers of the gospel. The churches in Havanna are few, and rather in a state of decay. In a neat chapel on the *plaza de armas* is shown the altar on which the first mass was celebrated this side the Atlantic.

In the *lonja* or exchange, where every person has free admittance, papers are to be found from almost every quarter of the globe, and strangers meet there. There are small steam-ships plying between the capital and Matanzas, as well as between St. Jago de Cuba and some adjacent places.

Different railroads are in progress, and will increase the commerce with the interior of the island. I went by railroad as far as Nigües.

Travelling is now as safe in the island of Cuba as anywhere else; however, a traveller must be armed on account of the sudden risings of negroes, which happen now and then. In such occurrences, a couple of Spaniards or creoles on horseback will attack and subdue a band of fifty or more slaves, though the latter are generally armed with *machetes*, or long knives, which they use to cut the sugar-cane.

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I had not much time nor opportunity to look into the moral condition of Havanna: I am, however, impressed it is, in some respects, at a very low ebb, for I saw what I had not seen even in Mexico—I mean here the confusion of good and bad houses in the very principal streets. Rows of low wretched shops, the abode of vice in its most hideous appearance are to be seen in front, or in the basement of lofty palaces, betokening richness and splendor; now the owners of such mansions who do not object to such a shocking sight, and do not for the sake of their daughters and wives, remove it, must not be Socrates, Senecas, or Platos.

To expect, under the relaxing climate of the tropics, the same grave, austere tempers of the northern climates, would be foolish. Some allowance must be made for tendencies which are contracted from nature, or under the influence of a somehow irresistible power; but the tolerance of scandal is the same offence, no matter where. It sows corruption of manners, and by divesting vice of its most offending part, not only habituates society to it, but makes people boast of it and carry it as in triumph.

In the language of a master poet of the English literature,

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

CHAPTER X.

Slavery in the United States—Abolition and abolitionists—Case of the Spanish schooner Amistad—Montez and Ruiz put into prison—Why the president of the United States did not interfere—Slavery in the island of Cuba—Difference of laws in reference to slaves between that island and the United States—The slave trade—The English pursuing slavers—The Spanish authorities in the island of Cuba, and the captains dealing with slaves—Voyage from Havanna to New-Orleans.

I shall give my opinion on slavery in the United States and the island of Cuba or Havanna.

During the time I have been in what the Americans call "slave States," I never ceased to examine the condition of slaves.

It was in Kentucky that I first saw slavery; and the first

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Sunday I passed in Lexington I was struck on seeing so many dandy-looking black people in the streets; so much so that, as I was made aware of the existence of many free colored people, I thought they were of the number; however, they were too many, and I soon gave up such a supposition at discovering among them some young servants of my hotel.

On being told that, very few excepted, they were all slaves—"how," said I, "can they make such a display?"—and some persons informed me that almost every slave, in whatever pursuit he was engaged, has either some part of the time to work on his own account, or some extras; so that, if he is sober, he can save money and ransom himself, as many colored people, who are now free, did by dint of industry and economy.

It is not the same in the country; however, a certain quantity of work is often allotted them to be performed in a given time; and if they perform it sooner, they get money for the remaining time they work.

Impressed as I was previously, I must avow, I somewhat hesitated to credit these assertions; but I became entirely satisfied after having been made to consider that slaveholders do so consistently with their own interest, long experience having taught them that it is the only way to make the most of them. In many instances, had a master to oblige his servants to work uninterruptedly for him, without allowing them the aforesaid chances of gain, he would not get half as much as by following the other system, nor would whips constantly kept in motion better answer his purpose.

I travelled afterwards through Tennessee and other slave States, until I saw slavery in New Orleans; and I am satisfied that slaves, or servants in slave States, are on a better footing than those who are doomed to the same fate in other countries. Such scenes of distress as so often occur in Europe, of there being servants half starving, either because their masters, who keep them merely to gratify their pride, are half starved themselves, or on account of the scanty allowance of food granted to them in accordance with the *rules* of the family—such scenes, I say, are almost unknown in the United States, where, from the wealthiest down to the poorest, be the latter white or black, what constitutes the necessaries of life is exhibited, if not always in a boundless profusion, in at least a full comfortable abundance.

It is an undeniable fact, that the negroes are generally stout looking fellows, and one cannot imagine, unless one sees them, how merry they are—frolicksome, dancing,

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playing, and apparently, at least, the happiest creatures in the world.

My impression was, that a slave should be a mortal enemy of the whites, and chiefly of his master. I saw, however, servants both faithful and affectionate. I know, myself, slaves, who, having resided with their masters in free States beyond the time contemplated by the law, could at any moment be free, declining it; as I know slaves made free being so attached to their masters, that they would not on any account quit them. Slaves are found, who employed their earnings for the emancipation of their wives, fathers, sons, brothers or sisters, they themselves remaining slaves. I was often told of slaves informing their masters of the insidious suggestions of some lurking abolitionist. General Filisola told me that some negroes from Texas, whom he had taken prisoners, requested, as soon as the campaign was over, to go back to their owners.

Some will remark, that servants who are ill-treated in Europe, not being property of their masters, will leave them; yet, it is not so. The first apprehension of a servant in leaving a house is, to be unable to get a new one; the second is, to change for the worse.

Speaking of slaves, I wish to be well understood, I am far from believing, or wishing to make others believe, that I speak otherwise than of a disgraced and wretched set of people. I acknowledge that slavery is a curse. Who does not? I wish, however, to demonstrate, that slaves here are in a much better situation than is commonly supposed by distant nations, and even by the people of some sections of this country.

I am a Slave! (they are tremendous words) subject to be disposed of, more as things than as men; they are implicitly liable to change of masters, and even to be parted from their relations. They represent, there is no doubt, that part of unhappy beings, who seem indispensable to suit the general laws of creation; in the same way that, as every one knows, disorders, according to the same general system, are nothing else but elements of order.

Now, it is pretty much the case, that Europeans rush, if not with more violence, at least *much more bonâ fide*, against slavery; still, I feel sorry at being obliged to avow, that, not taking servants alone, but mechanics, husbandmen, or, in short, all our poorer classes, we have nothing to boast in referring to them; the slaves standing, not only far better than our poor white free people, but even better than the same class in the United States.

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It would be unfair to deny that the poor classes in Europe work at least three hours a day more than negroes, whilst the latter have a more plentiful supply of food and are better clad. But how can I allude, without a broken heart, to those millions and millions of beings scattered throughout all Europe (Mexico not excepted) who are unable to stir a step but from their huts to the plough, who, constantly indebted to the owner of the land they cultivate, are almost the same as if they were their property; whose life is but a series of hardships, privations and sufferings, not exempt from moral degradation? free-born in words, slaves in fact. And how can I, without dismalness, think of the beggars, who, by thousands, within the very first of European capitals, in the midst of luxury, splendor and dissipation, get up every morning, not knowing by what means they may drag their miserable existence to the next day?

No such people here—no beggars! the poorest blacks I ever saw were in the "free States;" there, alone, in spite of the plausible arguments uttered against slavery, I saw negroes stretching their hand to beg.

Were I to be asked, whether the non-existence of slavery would not be preferable, I would hasten to reply yes; as many of the owners of slaves would say themselves too.—Willingness and possibility, however, are two entirely different things, and we must separate them.

Mature reflection on the situation and slow progress of most of the States in which slavery exists, comparatively with the gigantic advancement of the States where there is no slavery, or "free States," forces every person to say "slavery is a curse;" it cannot, however, be removed now. How can it be otherwise, when we consider that in some part of the slave States negroes are far more in number than whites? Come! come here abolitionists! emancipate them, spread knowledge among them, give them equality of rights, and you will see the result. Release them from the natural bonds which form the bulwark behind which the whites feel sheltered, and then will happen what makes me shudder if I only think of it. "Slavery is a curse," I say again, but an irredeemable one, at least for the present. Let the white population increase, and emancipation will come as a natural consequence, as it was in other States. None of the planters with whom I have conversed differ, in wishing to have white people about them, as they are well aware of the difference between the white and black laborer; but, *where* are these whites? In this state of things the prema-

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ture and injudicious or desperate efforts of the American abolitionists, who, almost in the very eyes of the slaves themselves, beat the drum and proclaim their emancipation cannot be looked upon but with regret. The abolitionists would make their own work that which can only be the work of time; whilst they keep up an exasperation of feeling between different States prejudicial to their mutual interests, which may sap the very fundamental organization, or annihilate the political existence of this country; not to mention that they injure much more than they better the condition of the objects of their pretended care, by the reaction which must unavoidably follow such attempts or encroachments on others rights.

I may, perhaps, be too severe or even unjust towards abolitionists, but I feel a great temptation to suppose, that the love of making a display of philanthropy and humane feelings prevails on them, as they know very well the mighty causes that oppose the accomplishment of their projects; and the results, dreadful for humanity, that would ensue, had things to go forcibly to suit their views. What I think I know well is, that these humane but misapplied and sometimes borrowed feelings are pretty much the cause for which travellers generally make a parade of every sort of cruelty and horrible excess when they talk on slavery. I should be indeed at a loss to state if most of them are not allured by a calculation of making an easy and deep impression on their readers, who generally yield with great facility to such emotions, and thus commending their works; or if, delirious against slavery, they are prevented looking impartially at facts, and driven to see but that which happens in harmony with their deep-rooted notions. I fully charge, however, the few European authors whom I have read, with exaggeration in their accounts, which are far from truth on this subject.

I shall grant there are masters who ill-use their slaves, but they are exceptions. Are there not, anywhere, masters who ill-treat servants, nay, nearest relations who ill-treat each other, and even mothers who treat brutally their own offspring? they are called monsters, and so are inhumane masters considered in the slave States of the American union. To believe that the majority, or even many among the masters, indulge in cruel acts against their negroes, would be equal to supposing our race much worse than it is.

During the whole time of my residing or travelling through slave States, I have not seen slaves beaten more than three or four times, and the only person of whom I

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heard people speaking as publicly ill-treating negroes was Mrs. T——, about Lexington, Ky.; whilst, if it were true that slave-holders unceasingly torment them, I think I could as well see or hear it as any other person.

Those negroes who hire themselves are slaves only as concerns their obligation to pay a monthly tribute to their masters, because, for the rest, they live separately from them and do what they please, except that they are obliged to work in order to get, beside the money they are bound to count out every month, their subsistence. Myriads of of poor Europeans would indeed change their condition for that of such slaves.

In case of sickness a slave is not obliged to seek refuge in a hospital, where the poor are not always properly treated: he is carefully attended by the same physician who devotes his services to his master's family.

A few words more on the ill-treatment of slaves. There are vices, habits or inclinations more or less common to mankind, which make it difficult for many people to believe in virtue; but here the case is quite different. To presume that most owners mercilessly flog and torture their slaves, would be an imputation of the most appalling and unaccountable ill-nature pronounced against them, or it would proclaim them more like cannibals than Christians; but, as above all, there must be a cause for every thing—why ought they to act so? We must first acknowledge that their position is critical in itself and must make masters severe, but not barbarous; as they would thus endanger it more and more. As among all races, there are among the blacks, good and bad people: to punish the latter and keep them in a state of awe, is not only a measure of self-defence, but tantamount to what is done among the whites too; while I cannot see why they should be cruel or even severe with the good. Let us, then, look into the question as concerns interest, that chief spring everywhere, of human nature. How can a systematical ill-treatment of slaves be beneficial to their masters? I cannot conceive how it could prove so.

I would finally ask, how is it, that white Europeans are such enraged abolitionists, if they become planters and own slaves they are particularly noted for ill-treating them? and how is it that a black overseer or surveyor is always the most merciless towards his wretched fellows? they are, perhaps, among those anomalies which seem inseparable from the analysis of all great questions. Is not the very existence of slavery in the United States directly in opposi-

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tion with the boast of American freedom, that rebounds from one pole to another? Let us avow, that a public, silly, proud or vain profession of virtue is often put forward but to hide weakness and vices.

Such is, in my opinion. the case with abolitionism, which I consider a mere instrumental motto or disguise adopted by the Eastern people (as they are the most ferocious abolitionists), to pour out their hatred against the South. Were it a generous *élan* in favor of that part of our fellow beings whom the white man makes his slaves, I should not only nod, but applaud the noble efforts of the abolitionists; their cause would be the cause of humanity. But when I see that negroes in the non-slave-holding States are in a much more abject condition than in the slave States, I do not look for better proofs to demonstrate that the least they care for is the black race. The theory upon which abolitionists pretend to act is overthrown by practice; they are like many preachers, who, after delivering a beautiful sermon, or the most powerful and impressive specimen of men's duties, ought to add, "brethren, do what I say, not what I do."

Since I have dared to say that the Americans convert religion into factions, I shall, with perhaps much more reason add, that abolitionism is but a flag under which they unite to act with that usual madness and blindness which are the type of all parties. After religion and politics, abolitionism is a mighty agent of discord in the United States, and contributes to render American society sour.

Let my readers remember an occurrence which alone is sufficient to unmask abolitionism; I mean the case of Ruiz and Montez, of which (in the supposition that some may not be acquainted with the affair) I shall trace a sketch.

In the month of May, 1839, the Spanish schooner, Amistad, sailed from Havanna, bound to Neuvitas, a port of the island of Cuba, with slaves belonging to the aforementioned gentlemen, and some goods. The slaves were to be carried to their owners' plantations; however, the second or third day after the vessel was out the negroes mutinied, and by killing the whites made themselves masters of the schooner. In the midst of the scuffle a sailor jumped into the boat astern, and making away, safely landed somewhere in Florida.

By that man's declaration the horrible transaction was made known, and every one bewailed the sad fate of the crew and passengers, as it was then presumed that all had been slaughtered; however, the Africans, after a good

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whipping, had spared their masters with the intention of having them to steer to the blacks' native region. During the day the Africans steered themselves South, by the sun, while the Spaniards steered North during the night, in the hope of falling in with some vessel, and unwilling, at all events to go far from the American coast. The Africans knew not the compass. In the meantime the captives were cruelly beaten, and threatened with instant death at every moment. They met with some sail, which reported her, and the rumor went soon abroad of a strange looking *black schooner*, which sailed to and fro as if she had no destination. Some small vessels were sent out immediately to chase the black schooner, and a revenue cutter, whose captain knew nothing of the matter, having casually fallen in with her, brought her to a harbor in Connecticut.

Both Spaniards appeared almost crazy at seeing themselves freed from such barbarous hands. One of them jumped to embrace his saviour, the American officer, who, not understanding what the Spaniard meant, drew a pistol, and bid him not to advance. The accounts of their sufferings were heart-rending; the poor fellows were all bruised and bleeding—their situation was moving: there was, however, a set of people who did not sympathize with them—I need not say who they were—the abolitionists.

Charmed that an ample field was offered to them for the display of their pseudo-philanthropy, they came out. It was who could rush soonest to take a glance at the negroes, and caress them. The assassins, who yet smelt of the blood of their victims, suddenly became the abolitionists' bosom friends, whose first cheer was—hurrah for the Africans! Then they directed their attention to punish those *rascals* of Spaniards as they deserved. The murderers of the whites were overwhelmed with civilities. What an interesting people!—for them flowers and fruit. What for the Spaniards? Prison! Strange as it may seem, when prosecution was entered by Ruiz and Montez against the Africans, both by the hellish contrivance of the foaming abolitionists were put in gaol. Counsel flocked from all quarters to assist the blacks; and he who advised Cinquez (the chief of the assassins) brought a charge of ill-treatment, assault and battery against Señor Ruiz, whilst the same charge was preferred by the counsel of another negro against Señor Montez; charges which, absurd and ridiculous as they must appear, were admitted by the abolitionist judge of the District Court. Not to deprive his *charitable* brethren of the pleasure of seeing the Spaniards safely lodged in a dungeon, the worthy

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magistrate bound them to bail in one thousand dollars each! The poor, friendless strangers could not find any person to become security for them, therefore to the great rejoicing of the *friends of humanity* Ruiz and Montez were fully committed.

If those two poor fellows dreamed of having been rescued from the blacks by the Seminoles of Florida, I do not know; but I consider the whole a strong illustration of the Italian lawyer's assertion, touching the way in which justice is administered in this country. I would even say that few such shocking instances of justice being clearly on one side, and the judge on the other, are exhibited by the records of any nation.

All papers raised a loud cry of indignation against such nefarious proceedings. The New-York Herald of the 30th of October, 1839, contained the following editorial,—"Señor Ruez still remains within the Egyptian Tombs, the *pious* abolitionists having sued him for the *third* time in the District Court. Judge Edwards directed him to find bail in the sum of one thousand dollars. We called yesterday upon him, and he informed us that it was not his intention to take any legal step, but to transmit his case to the Spanish government, and let them act in the matter. His friend Señor Montez was liberated on Saturday last on filing common bail; and, like a wise man, he walked immediately down to the East River, and put himself, bag and baggage on board the schooner Texas, and is now half way to his residence at Neuvitas—not intending to trust himself again in this land of liberty *par excellence*. How long this war of the negroes and their abettors on the purse and freedom of the white race is to continue, will remain for some intelligent jury or other to say."

Whilst Mr. Bennet and other editors with justice inveighed against that breach of all laws, the shameless abolitionist papers delighted in quoting their victory.

I do not fear saying too much when I say, the same persons who managed the affair could likewise direct the hands of the blacks in the bloody massacre of the whites. What is not a partisan capable of in the feverish excitement of his raving passion? Had they been rational beings, how would they have forgotten that to protect the blacks, as far as the laws of the country allowed it, had nothing to do with persecuting the whites under such circumstances? But the fact is that the supposition of reasonableness in men acting under the impulse of a party spirit, is in itself insanity.

To show still better what is to be expected by that fac-

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tion, I shall relate what I heard myself from two pious members of some church, and abolitionists. The probable event of a rupture between the slave and free states was the subject. "The Southern people must seriously ponder what they do, for," said they, "it will be very easy for us to carry destruction among them; we have but to arm the blacks to make them repent of any thought of separation or hostility against the North."

I do not presume that more is wanting to show the *Christian* and *benevolent* feelings of those white skins and black hearts.

At the time I am writing, the civil suit in the case of the Spaniards to recover their property, is yet before the court. I shall not dwell on it; but considering the personal seizure of Montez and Ruiz, as it can be termed, a most outrageous contempt of the laws of nations, foreigners especially will wonder why the president of the United States did not interfere to show that justice is not a phantom, nor a puppet to be trampled upon and scorned with the utmost impudence, allowing the offenders to shield themselves under the protection of an organized faction. What, however, accounts for the negative conduct of the chief officer of this country is, that a president of the United States cannot be otherwise but an enigmatical being or amphibious creature, that is to say, both for and against slavery, to please at once, or at least not displease the slaveholders and the abolitionists; in short, to pick up as many votes as he can from the dissenting parties. A king, emperor, or any chief officer, not depending upon the vote of the people for his election, would have sent Judge Edwards and Co. to relieve the imprisoned Spaniards.

I shall now speak of slavery in the island of Cuba, or relate the little I saw about it. Slaves are much worse treated there than in the United States. On account of the climate they do not want much clothing; and their owners take so much advantage of this circumstance, that a single piece of linen, in the form of breeches or something else, constitutes the whole luxury of their garments; as to food, they give their slaves nothing else but rice boiled in water in the cities; and in the country, fruit, chiefly plantains, out of which bread is made. What masters in Havanna give their servants in abundance is whipping or kicking! not a single day elapsed, whilst I was there, without seeing one or more whippings going on. Ladies, and young ladies too, have very ready hands at the business. There was in my hotel a negro boy, fresh from Africa, who passed every day through

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at least one hundred lashes, which the landlady, a very stout woman, applied, at different intervals, with a stout cowhide. His piercing shrieks rent my heart, but made no impression on a circle of young ladies amongst whom I found myself. The poor boy, though active and intelligent, could not please his mistress; while another lady, a boarder from the country, used to say, "If that boy were in my hands, I should soon get the most of him;" whereupon the landlady, sighing, replied, "I understand you, madam; but we cannot deal with them in the city as in the country, where there is *no restraint.*" Once I was unable to refrain from remarking that I could not see how he might be more beaten, unless it was meant to kill him. "Oh! you foreigners know not how these rogues must be managed," replied the *sweet* creatures.

One of the young ladies about the house, a pretty black-eyed girl, very often made an addition to the poor boy's pittance by boxing his ears; while the other servants were not flogged, for the only reason, I believe, that they must have already had their full share, since they were all crippled.

Sweet corrections of the kind are given in the streets at every moment. I often looked at the convicts who, disposed in two rows, were breaking stones in St. Francisco's square; in the midst of them walked an overseer, armed with a large cowhide, who, as soon as one of the convicts slackened or momentarily ceased working, called him back to his duty by a tremendous blow; not a quarter of an hour passed without one of such warnings.

What I shall never forget is a volley of slaps administered under peculiar circumstances by a lady to a black lad. The clock had just struck half past ten, and I was hastening home, when a *volante* drawing nigh the side walk made me stop. I saw a handsome lady, in full dress of *soirée* alighting. At the roof of the portico a lamp was hanging, which spread a radiant light all around: notwithstanding that, a stout negro jumped, with a lantern in his hand, from the yard, and got at the *volante* just when his mistress was stepping out; the reason of course I cannot tell, but I heard her call the negro a villain, and rushing at the same time against him, I saw her making experiments of dexterity on the lad's cheeks with her gloved and slender hand.

The people of the island of Cuba say they must be rigorous towards their slaves, and in part it is true; for most of the negroes of that island, being newly imported, are ignorant of every thing, and it is hard to make them prove of any service. The negroes of the United States might be called *negro gentlemen* in comparison with the blacks of

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Cuba; the negro exceeds by far the white population in that island. In Havanna there are forty thousand blacks out of one hundred thousand souls; however, cruelty is not rigor, and let us at all events pity a necessity of which insulted nature complains. There are, after all, servants in Havanna who are treated with great kindness—among them coachmen, for as the *chronique scandaleuse* says, they are made to enjoy their mistresses' confidence, and some of their steps happen to be such as to require secrecy, or at least not to be divulged.

In the country, although—as I was informed by a friend of mine, Dr. Bortolotti, who practised medicine many years on a very extensive plantation—slaves are held in great subjection, if they are industrious, they make money, and can, in a few years, emancipate themselves.

There is between the United States and Cuba a difference of laws as regards emancipation. Here, a slave must be a slave all his life, even if he happens to possess millions, whenever his master refuses to free him. In the island of Cuba, on the contrary, a slave can constrain his master to release him, on paying the price at which he is valued. In this respect, then, slaves are better there than here; not many, however, think of being set at liberty in Cuba, for to make money they must be of course well situated; and if they are so, they do not wish to give up their employment. Even when they are rich they do not emancipate themselves, to enjoy the advantage of the exemption of taxes on their property, so that to see slaves holding slaves is there a very common thing. I was shown an old negress who owned herself forty or fifty blacks.

Havanna is the place to see pure African blood. In spite of the British cruisers, many Africans are safely landed somewhere on the coasts. A person who has a hand in the business assured me that from January to April about twelve thousand Ethiopians had reached the island unhurt. The profits of the trade have increased in the same proportion as the dangers. A slave-trader is now well satisfied when one out of three vessels makes her escape; for, first, slavers put on board many more negroes than they formerly did; secondly, on arriving they sell their *cargo* much higher than before; in short, if out of three two vessels are seized, the merchant clears a profit of one hundred and fifty to two hundred per cent. Slavers are careful now in the choice of the craft; only first-rate sailing hulls suit them, whilst the officers and crew are almost doubled. Not to lay at anchor on the African coast, factories are established to make the

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purchases, so that as soon as the vessel appears, the cargo being ready, she does not delay more than twenty-four hours, even when she takes in over one thousand people.

To control the precautionary measures adopted by the slavers, not much is done by the European governments, or rather by England, it being the only power that acts openly against that infamous trade. Some pretend that the English are not prompted by philanthropy, and others go so far as to proclaim that they take advantage for themselves of the slaves they seize; but was ever in existence any act which escaped misconstruction? did not envy, interest or malevolence in all times spoil even the holiest principles, and calumniate the purest character? For my part, I believe that the most which is said on that score against the English is of Havannera fabrication, and I would wish for other nations to join Great Britain in putting down a traffic quite incompatible with the present stage of civilization.

All large fortunes existing in Havanna were made by trading in human flesh. It is said that the island of Cuba would suffer much by stopping the African trade, or that its increasing prosperity would be checked; yet even admitting, which I do not, the correctness of such apprehensions, never ought the European powers to depart from the adoption of the most efficacious measures to arrest it.

I repaired on board a small vessel which had just got in from the coast, where she had landed her *cargo*. She had been washed, cleaned, painted and aired; it was nevertheless impossible to stand the putrid exhalations arising from her hatches. She had been eighty-seven days the asylum of over six hundred negroes; but a few had died by the way. I obtained a minute description of the voyage, which particulars I shall certainly not repeat, as they would make many a heart sink. The ancient prisons of the Inquisition with the Santa Hermandad were palaces, I believe, in comparison with that fetid ship's hold and the treatment of the poor victims of human insatiableness.

When the naked Africans get ashore they are supplied with some coarse clothes. Their first and most terrible impression, when they are put on board, is, that they are going to serve as food to the whites, and their apprehensions increase when they are landed; however, they soon meet with some of their own tribes, who speak the same language, and inform them about their real destiny. A banquet is served up to them; then they are conveyed to the *barracones*, or markets for the sale of slaves. There they are often torn from their nearest and dearest relations,

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never to see them again: this act of cruelty, however, is only practised when purchasers cannot accommodate themselves otherwise—as far as their interest is not concerned, they avoid such separations, because they obtain much more from their servants by not wounding them in their most tender feelings.

The common price of young Africans in the island of Cuba is from fifteen to twenty doubloons, and, after they are educated (which is equal to say after they have received some thousand lashes) they command from thirty to thirty-five doubloons: slaves, therefore, are much cheaper in Cuba than in the United States; which causes some clandestine introduction from that island, though, I presume, on a very small scale, since the laws of this country against smuggling slaves are severe.

I may be mistaken, but, supposing the slave trade should be entirely suppressed, that drawback which the people from Havanna fear so much would not occur: its first consequence would be the increase in value of the slaves they hold; the second, a greater care taken of them, whereby they would live longer and be much better warranted against the destructive influence of the climate.

As to putting an end to the trade, some anticipate impossibility; I presume, however, to the contrary. The English have already commenced giving chase to the vessels which, by their construction, and dealing whilst in in port, are suspected of being on their way to the coast of Africa. Well done!

I was on board two *negreros*, or slavers, *las Antillas* and *el Socorro*, lying in the port of Havanna, ready to sail. The former I could not examine minutely, but I saw well the *Socorro*, being well acquainted with the captain who previously commanded her, and who having made a splendid fortune had retired. Manacles, chains, and everything else on board a vessel intended for carrying slaves was shown to me. Her crew amounted to fifty-eight persons, including three captains, the first and second of whom were Frenchmen, and six mates. The sailors engaged in such expeditions get double pay over the usual, and are taken from the scum. The order which prevailed on board that vessel, the neatness of every object in sight, and the apparent dispositions of the whole, formed a sad contrast with the ignominious business in which she was about to embark.

The English have in the port of Havanna a *ponton*, the existence of which shows how dejected poor Spain is; for what other nation would suffer a floating barrack of a

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foreign power within its maritime jurisdiction? From that *pied à terre* the British derive great assistance in the harassing of the slave trade; besides their having constantly some men-of-war in the harbor to spy the proceedings of suspicious vessels. They watched closely the Antillas and the Socorro, each of which had from forty thousand to fifty thousand Spanish dollars on board; yet, owing to the protection that slavers obtain from the people of Havanna, both eluded the vigilance of the English and glided away.

The catching of slavers on their starting is of the utmost importance; first, because it is much better to seize money than slaves; then, because the sufferings of even an incomplete passage would be spared the poor Ethiopians; and, finally, for the deep impression which it would make upon the speculators, so as to deter them much more effectually from dealing in slaves.

One or two armed steam-vessels added to the British fleet would act admirably in capturing both loaded and unloaded vessels. It often happens that a slaver at large makes signals, whereupon a steam-ship sets immediately out to tow her to the coast, or even to the port, since, after being within shot of the castle *del Moro* the English can do nothing against the slavers.

The slavers would go to other ports for the supply of such tools as are indispensable to the trade, and the discovery of which makes the prize good; but the aversion to that disgraceful traffic is so general, that they would meet nowhere with assistance or sympathy. Some masked clearances of slaves succeeded in New Orleans, owing to great secrecy; because, even the Americans of the slave States do not generally differ from European nations in the abhorrence of the cursed trade.

Now, what can a crew of fifty-eight men in a vessel like the Socorro, below four hundred tons, be for? Either slaving or piracy. The fact alone, of a merchant vessel having an unusually numerous crew should authorize her seizure, until, brought to some port, the case might be cleared. They would resort to the expediency (as vessels cleared from New Orleans did) of parading a part of their crew as passengers; it will be very easy, however, to detect such spurious and odd looking passengers.

All offenders should then be punished by the government under whose colors they are seized. To leave the Spanish authorities to chastise their own subjects is a matter of mockery. The Spanish authorities in the island of Cuba

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(the governor included, who gets a doubloon for each slave imported) have an interest to assist with all possible means the trade.

I shall relate how captains of slavers are treated in Havanna. They are sentenced to be confined, for so many years, in the fortress called *Cavana*, where, after a few weeks, they die a very strange death—strange indeed, since, soon after, they are seen walking in the streets, and resuming their odious avocation.

General Tacon having heard something about it, sent for the inspector and physician of the convicts. They answered, with trembling, the summons, as none could play the fool with Tacon. He demanded explanations about the wonder of which the people of Havanna talked so often, and was told, of course, the whole—certain pills, not Brandreth's or Morrison's, but infallible pills in the form of doubloons, which, in opposition to established usage, the *patient* gives, in number of fifty or sixty, to the physician, causes the resurrection. Here is the proceeding. The prisoner is entered in the hospital—his pretended sickness lasts a few days—then he is reported to the superintendent of the house (who takes himself a handful of pills) as dead. Notice of his death is entered in the journal of the house, and the door of the prison is opened to the culprit.

The party was dismissed by General Tacon, who, smiling, warned them against taking too many pills, least they might cause indigestion. Some will remark, that after having said so much in favor of Tacon in this case, he proves not the stern man such as I endeavored to describe him: these, however, *must* be the sentiments of a goveruor of Cuba.

I left Havanna on the 7th of May, by the Spanish brig-schooner Salvador Procer, Captain Millet, for New Orleans, where I arrived on the 15th. Now, to whomsoever might fall in with that vessel, I would give the advice of never taking passage in her, unless they can reconcile themselves to eat like dogs, and be lodged in a stable-like concern.

FINIS.

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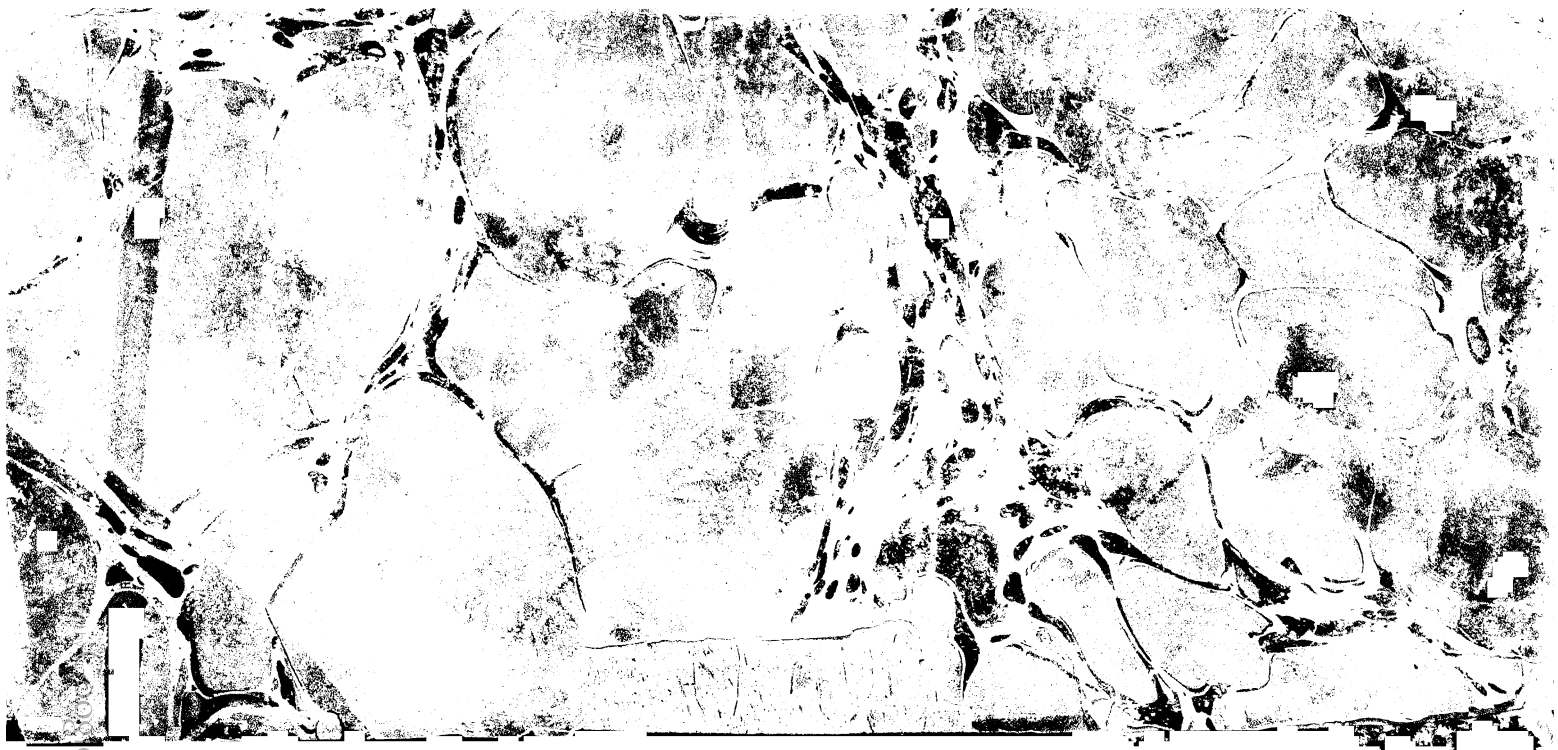
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